

ÉDITION DE LUXE

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JULY 8, 1899

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, JULY 8, 1899

THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER.

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PRESENTATION PLATE, from the Painting by F. D. Millet in the Tate Gallery,
"BETWEEN TWO FIRES."

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INVALUABLE DURING THE HEAT AND DUST OF SUMMER.

It cools and refreshes the face and hands, removes Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, Redness, Roughness, heals Irritation and Eruptions, imparts a luxuriant beauty to the complexion, and arrays the neck, face and arms in matchless whiteness, unobtainable by any other means: Bottles, 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d.

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For General Debility, Exhaustion and Want of Energy, especially after INFLUENZA.
"No tonic can compare with this wine in its refreshing, stimulating and strengthening powers."
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FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT TO READERS OF "THE GRAPHIC"

NEW ENTERPRISE UNDERTAKEN

BY *The Times*

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY:

A FACT-BOOK AND WORD-BOOK COMBINED.

A NEW WORK ON A NEW PLAN—GIVING, FOR THE FIRST TIME, EVERY FORM OF SPELLING, PRONUNCIATION, AND USAGE KNOWN, WHETHER ENGLISH, AMERICAN, AUSTRALIAN, PROVINCIAL, OR COLLOQUIAL.

Eight sumptuous volumes; 7,000 large quarto pages; 500,000 definitions; 7,500 illustrations; 300,000 quotations: a work of which the editorial cost, alone, was more than £200,000.

THE proprietors of THE TIMES have, within recent years, greatly extended the scope of that newspaper's operations. The impression of THE TIMES which appears at four o'clock in the morning, is now followed not only by a second edition, published at half-past one in the afternoon, chiefly for circulation in the City; by THE MAIL, published three times a week, and by THE TIMES WEEKLY EDITION; but also by LITERATURE, a critical review which appears every Saturday.

The publication of occasional biographies, annual summaries, and other monographs, reprinted from the columns of THE TIMES, has been followed by the publication of a series of periodical law reports and digests of cases, as well as by the half-yearly "Issues," an account of newly organised public companies.

Four years ago THE TIMES ATLAS was published, to which THE TIMES GAZETTEER has recently been added. And in March, 1898, THE TIMES Reprint of the Encyclopædia Britannica (9th edition) was offered to the public. In the course of only one year, more than 18,000 copies—450,000 volumes—of this standard work have been sold by THE TIMES.

A NEW WORK OF REFERENCE.

The undertakings of THE TIMES are now further extended by the issue of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, a word-book and fact-book combined, at once the most complete lexicon of the English language and the most convenient encyclopædic work of reference for the purpose of quickly arriving at isolated facts.

Peculiarly useful as a dictionary to the possessors of the Encyclopædia Britannica (which indeed contains not less than 10,000 words which no previous dictionary had defined) THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is also a most convenient adjunct to the Encyclopædia Britannica from another point of view. The exhaustive treatises in the Encyclopædia Britannica discuss groups of facts. They are the best monographs in the language, and the reader who has an hour's time to spend will always find in the Encyclopædia Britannica a clear and agreeably written account of any branch of art, science, or history which he desires to investigate.

FOR BUSY MEN AND WOMEN.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, on the other hand, divides the vast structure of knowledge into a greater number of compartments, enabling the reader to find, with the least loss of time, any one item of information at which he may desire to arrive; to examine, so to speak, the contents of any one pigeonhole without handling the papers in any other pigeonhole. The Encyclopædia Britannica invites the reader to contemplate broad gardens of knowledge, while THE CENTURY DICTIONARY presents to his hand whichever one of the individual flowers at the moment he happens to want.

Such is the relation between the two books, if THE CENTURY DICTIONARY be regarded as a fact-book.

As a word-book, it is incomparably the best dictionary in existence. The New English Dictionary will no doubt be of very great value, and especially to philologists, when it is completed, ten years hence; but, meantime, THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is the largest as well as the most comprehensive and beautifully illustrated lexicon of the English language. It completes, in the most admirable fashion, THE TIMES Library of Reference, and it will no doubt find its way to the shelves of every well-chosen library, however modest.

NOW, RATHER THAN LATER.

There is, however, in this connection, a very relevant question, as to the desirability of procuring the work as soon as possible. Book-buyers have learned by experience, that most books are at first offered in an expensive form, and later, in a cheaper guise

at reduced prices. The novel published last year in three volumes, at a guinea and a half, may be had this year for six shillings; the book of travel which cost fifteen or eighteen shillings a few months ago, is to be procured to-day, by those who

laboured route must necessarily be difficult, for the power of rapid and accurate comprehension can only be acquired by vigorous preliminary discipline. The long way—league upon league of cube root, irregular verbs, and the catalogue of kings and

queens—hardens the muscles once for all, and those who shirk in the shady by-paths never acquire a sturdy gait. When, however, the end of the broad high road is reached, the conditions of the journey are greatly altered. The professional man has his mountain to face: the distant summit to be attained by the few, the hill pastures of moderate success by the many. For all the rest of us further progress is not obligatory. If we read books worth reading, and read them intelligently, we get more out of life than if we confine our energies to the gaining or spending of money, but no very strong incentives impel us.

"GENERAL INFORMATION."

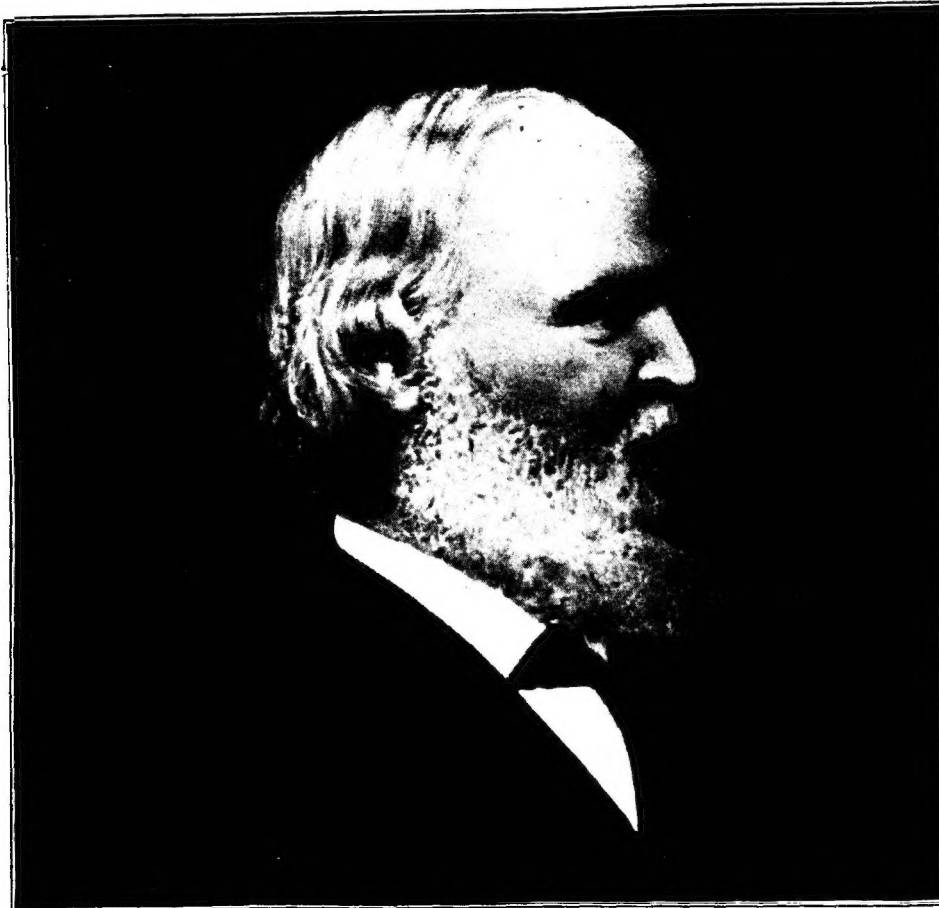
In the course of the more or less desultory progress towards the position occupied by what one calls "well informed" men and women, we are all at liberty to select our own itineraries. And good books of reference unquestionably offer us a royal road to this supplementary sort of learning. Once at the end of the prescribed route, there is no reason why we should not stray at will, and be the better for our little excursions, if only we pause to examine what we see about us. It is this habit of observing, of questioning, of verifying that we need to cultivate. But it is a habit which those who have completed the tasks of routine education are not likely to acquire, unless the way is made very smooth for them.

NEW WORDS AND NEW FACTS.

It is in this connection that THE CENTURY DICTIONARY may be fairly considered to provide a royal road to learning—to that sort of learning which enables us to think intelligently about the current topics of the day. The occurrence in one's newspaper of an unfamiliar word, the mention of an unknown substance or an unknown process, arouses in the average reader's mind enough of curiosity to make him turn to a work of reference, if he knows that the information he desires will easily be found. But such casual invitations to the pursuit of knowledge are hardly strenuous enough to draw him among the bristling difficulties of special text books. He will learn a little if he is not afraid of having to learn too much; he will spend five minutes very profitably, if he is not afraid that he will be led to make too good a use of half an hour. With all the good will in the world one cannot learn everything there is to learn, and if, when we are confronted by any new fact, we learn only enough about it to understand a paragraph in a newspaper, or a page in a review, we are at any rate a little better off than if we had remained in outer darkness.

CONCISE TREATMENT.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is, for the purpose of such casual reference, the most attractive and convenient book in the world. The vastness of its range, the wealth of its scholarship, are shown in the accumulation of a great number of the briefest possible expositions, and not in the heaping up of a monument of detail upon any one subject. The five hundred specialists who made the book were men of the highest rank in their various departments of learning, but they shewed their learning not by saying more about each subject than a less learned man could have said, but by saying less. The condensation of the encyclopædic definitions in THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is the result of an elaborate and painstaking effort to make statements as clear as possible with the least possible waste of the reader's time, and the result of all this labour offers itself to the public as a royal road to learning. The many letters which THE TIMES has received from purchasers of the work show how highly they appreciate what has been accomplished.



PROFESSOR WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY,
Editor-in-Chief of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, issued by THE TIMES, and author of the article "Philology" in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

waited patiently, for half the price. THE TIMES has, however, in its issue of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, broken away from this tradition. It offered the first few thousand copies of the Encyclopædia Britannica at 20 per cent. less than the price at which many thousands of copies were subsequently sold. Those who promptly ordered their copies had the benefit of the minimum prices. They took the trouble to act as soon as the offer was made, and those who waited were compelled either to do without the work or to pay more for it.

THE SECRET OF THE BARGAIN

In the case of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, a limited edition was offered, a few weeks ago, for 13s. in half Morocco binding, or thirteen monthly payments of one guinea each: little more than half the publishers' price. That price still obtains, and any reader who at once applies to THE TIMES for a copy of the work may benefit by this temporary arrangement. The best way to introduce a really good work of reference is to sell as quickly as possible, without regard to immediate profits, a limited edition of it; for, if the book will speak for itself, every copy that finds its way to any house supplies a most eloquent and unanswerable advertisement. This is what is now being done with THE CENTURY DICTIONARY. But the price will be increased as soon as the remaining copies of this first edition have been exhausted, and there is now so little time to lose, that those who intend to procure the work at the present prices will do well to make immediate use of the order form.

A ROYAL ROAD.

The old saying that there is no royal road to learning is a wholesome maxim for nursery use. The first marches upon that

WHAT SOME EARLY PURCHASERS SAY ABOUT THE "CENTURY DICTIONARY,"

THE NEW WORK ISSUED BY *The Times*

THERE have been published, in the columns of *THE TIMES*, since its issue of the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* was first announced on May 8th, more than a hundred letters from purchasers of the *CENTURY DICTIONARY*. It is impossible to reproduce them all in the limited space of this one advertisement, but a few representative letters from different classes of subscribers will show how general is the usefulness of the work.

These letters are not empty compliments. They are written by people who sent money to *THE TIMES*, expecting to receive from *THE TIMES* full money's worth. The point of view from which they regard the volumes of the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* is not an indulgent one. When they unpack the volumes they are quite prepared to find fault if there is fault to be found. There is none. They see that they made a good bargain; that they got even more for their money than they had hoped to get.

Such letters as these show, too, how the public use the *CENTURY DICTIONARY*, and what they find in it. The opinions of the critics who review books for newspapers and magazines are, necessarily, the opinions of specialists. A work of reference may be of the utmost interest to them, and yet not be less directly adapted to the needs of the general reader.

Here we have the direct expression of the possessor's judgment upon the work—the opinion of the man who bought it to use, and finds it useful.

From a Privy Councillor.

54, Portland Place, London, W.

The *CENTURY DICTIONARY* is a masterpiece of condensation. An examination of it fills me with a strong sense of the care bestowed to insure accuracy. It is a work of exceptional value and utility, which I find most helpful in many ways.

(Signed) JAMES BRYCE.

From a Professor of Chemistry.

The Laboratory, 23, Euston Buildings, N.W.

I consider the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* a marvel of scholarship, of philological research, of fulness of definition and illustration. In these respects, in its completeness, and in its explanatory quotations, it far surpasses anything hitherto undertaken in our language. What has particularly struck me to find, in a general dictionary, is the vast number of scientific and technical words, and the fulness and accuracy of their definition.

In short, the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* is a necessary and most worthy adjunct to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

(Signed) CHARLES GRAHAM,

May 26th, 1899.

Professor of Chemical Technology.

From a Physician.

Melrose House, Ryde, I. of Wight.

The *CENTURY DICTIONARY* is quite perfect.

(Signed) ALEXANDER G. DAVEY, M.D.

May 22nd, 1899.

From a Barrister.

11, New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

I have carefully examined and tested my copy of the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* and am satisfied. It supplies a want I have long felt. As a barrister, it is frequently my duty to reduce into accurate language instructions conveyed in general terms, and sometimes embracing unfamiliar words connected with some science or manufacture, and which would not be found in an ordinary dictionary. I have always found the information I have sought, conveyed in language lucid and accurate, though condensed—illustrated in many cases by beautifully executed cuts.

(Signed) EDWARD BRODIE COOPER.

May 25th, 1899.

From a Solicitor.

6 and 7, King William Street, E.C.

I have had the Dictionary for only a few days, but I already value it very highly. I frequently have to draw up agreements which demand minute accuracy of language. In this connexion the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* is of the greatest service, and I think that if Solicitors having a general business in the City knew how useful it was, they would all have the book in their offices.

May 29th, 1899.

(Signed) CHARLES M. TREVOR.

From a Statesman.

7, Cromwell Gardens, S.W.

I am glad to express the opinion that the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* appears to be a monument of skilled and well-directed industry, and an exceedingly useful and valuable addition to a library—in fact, a work which is fully worthy of publication by *THE TIMES*.

June 3rd, 1899.

(Signed) WM. DES VOEUX [Bart., G.C.M.G.]

From an Engineer.

Edinburgh & Leith Corporations Gas Comms.

Chief Engineer and Manager's Office,

New Street Works, Edinburgh.

I have already devoted some time to a perusal of the *CENTURY DICTIONARY*, particularly with regard to its scientific and practical definitions of subjects appertaining to Civil and Mechanical Engineering. I am pleased to find full definitions of terms, sufficient to satisfy the most exacting Experts upon the particular subjects in question, and such as I have never found elsewhere in kindred publications.

The great charm of the work to me is the fact of being able to place the fullest confidence in its dicta, as absolute and beyond question, and its easy acquisition by the means you have provided demands that all professional men whose sayings and doings in any way become public should be in possession of such an indispensable addition to their technical library.

(Signed) W. R. HERRING,

May 22nd, 1899.

Chief Engineer and Manager.

From a Railway Manager.

Great Eastern Railway, General Manager's Office,
Liverpool Street Station, London.

I have received my copy of the *CENTURY DICTIONARY*, and regard it as a most valuable addition to anyone's library. I have had occasion more than once to refer to it, and each time have found with the greatest ease what I sought.

The particulars given regarding railways, their appliances, &c., are to me, as they will be to all railway men, most interesting.

The two copies which were ordered by my Directors—one for the Great Eastern Library at this station, and the other for the Great Eastern Mechanics' Institute, Stratford—are highly appreciated.

(Signed) [SIR] WM. BIRT.

May 24th, 1899.

From a Soldier.

Moncrieffe, Bridge of Earn, N.B.

The information afforded is most varied, and deals with words and terms which embrace, I am sure, all that are ever used in the English language.

The derivations are very learnedly worked out, and must have entailed an enormous amount of labour and the services of very eminent savants.

The paper and type are of the very best, and I am most particularly struck with the excellence and beauty of the innumerable illustrations.

(Signed) [SIR] ROBERT MONCRIEFFE.

May 24th, 1899.

From a Surveyor.

Pinner House, Pinner, Middlesex.

I am very much pleased with the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* you sent me, and, although I have only had it a short time, I have found it very useful as a book of reference in my professional work.

Its description of machinery and architecture is most explicit; and I should have no hesitation in recommending it to any one I know desirous of purchasing a comprehensive work of this kind.

(Signed) C. A. WOODBRIDGE.

May 24th, 1899.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:

The Daily Telegraph.—"One of the most notable monuments of the philological industry of the age."

The Standard.—"A work of great ability, fine scholarship, and patient research in many widely different departments of learning."

St. James's Gazette.—"The most complete English Dictionary that is at present accessible."

School Board Chronicle.—"This is likely to be regarded for generations to come as the indispensable dictionary."

The Athenæum.—"Far and away the largest and best general and encyclopædic dictionary of the English language."

Pall Mall Gazette.—"It is fuller, more complete, with fewer faults than any rival."

Daily Chronicle.—"As we turn the leaves of this splendid work, we feel acutely the inadequacy of any description apart from the actual handling of the volumes."

Dublin Review.—"Not only 'The Century Dictionary,' but the dictionary of the Century."

Glasgow Herald.—"Combines, in the highest degree, the qualities of thoroughness and accuracy."

The Speaker.—"The most practical and most business-like 'Lexicon of the English language' that exists."

Illustrated London News.—"It is a noble monument of industry, nay, of genius."

The Scotsman.—"The most extensive, and, taken altogether, the best as well as the biggest work of the kind that has yet come to maturity."

Guardian.—"No expense has been spared to make the work as attractive as possible to the general public."

The Manchester Guardian.—"The greatest work of the kind yet achieved."

National Observer.—"To say that it is unrivalled were to give faintest praise."

Freeman's Journal.—"In its splendid illustrations, in its fulness and accuracy, 'The Century Dictionary' need fear no competitor."

SPECIMEN PAGES.—A richly illustrated pamphlet containing specimen pages from *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY* may be had gratis and post free, upon application to the Manager of *THE TIMES*. This pamphlet also contains extracts from a number of newspapers, and from these the reader may see for himself how hearty and how general has been the enthusiasm with which the production of this marvellous work was received by the Press.

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Three-quarter Levant, price **15 Guineas**.
Full Morocco, price **18 Guineas**.
Strike out two of these lines.

The balance of which sum I agree to pay you, or any one you appoint, at the rate of **One Guinea** a month; my next payment upon delivery of the complete 8 volumes, and my succeeding payments on the corresponding day of each month following. Until such payments are complete, I engage that the volumes, not being my property, shall not be disposed of by sale or otherwise. I further agree that if, owing to unforeseen circumstances, of which you shall be the judge, the volumes cannot be delivered, the return of the deposit of One Guinea to me shall cancel this agreement.

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Detached order forms may be obtained from *THE TIMES*. Specimen Volumes may be seen, and orders booked, at Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s, Pianoforte Manufacturers, 50, New Bond Street, or at Messrs. Street & Co.'s, 164, Piccadilly.

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The review of the famous corps of which the Prince of Wales is Captain-General and Colonel took place in Windsor Great Park. Escorted by the 1st Life Guards, the Queen drove on to the ground punctually at six o'clock. The Prince of Wales was in front of the line, and immediately behind were the Earl of Denbigh and Captain J. C. Wray, adjutant, acting as brigade-major. In the Queen's carriage were the Princess Christian and the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. Her Majesty was driven along the line, and after returning

to the saluting base the corps marched past in column, the artillery leading. Subsequently the infantry took up their position in the centre of the ground, and then, to a lively tune from the band, the artillery trotted past with a thud of hoofs on the soft turf, and a jingling of chains and accoutrements, in capital style and to the general admiration.

THE REVIEW OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY BEFORE THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

Topics of the Week

Peace or War

As we write, Mr. Hofmeyr, the all-powerful chief of the Afrikaner Bond, is at Pretoria. On the success or failure of his mission will probably depend the question whether there shall be peace or war in South Africa. Mr. Hofmeyr evidently realises the perils of the crisis. If he cannot persuade President Kruger to acquiesce in the reasonable proposals of the Paramount Power no man can, and hence his failure would mean the practical exhaustion of the diplomatic phase of the controversy. It is, of course, possible that the President is incredulous of the reality of the danger he is running, and thinks it will be time enough to yield when Imperial troops are pouring into Cape Town and Natal. In this, however, he is mistaken. Every day of his resistance only helps to increase the pugnacity of the Boer—as we may see by the defiant speech of Commandant Viljoen at Johannesburg last Monday—and if he should propose to give way only under threats it is probable that he would then not be able to carry his burghers with him. Meanwhile it is to be feared that his obstinacy is very largely stimulated by the pleas for patience which certain newspapers and public men are addressing to the Imperial Government at home, and by the belief that this policy of sufferance will prevail. If ever there was a counsel which had nothing to justify it it is assuredly this counsel of patience. Had the Paramount Power been less patient in the past the present crisis would never have happened. The question, it must be remembered, is not a question of yesterday. It is as old as the rush of the gold-seekers to the Rand, and it has been growing in gravity ever since. When the gold-rush first took place, President Kruger had to consider the problem of gradually assimilating his newcomers. What steps did he take to this end? Up to 1889 any alien immigrant could have the franchise with naturalisation after five years' residence, but in that year the privilege was taken away altogether and limited to burghers born. The Paramount Power should have interfered then, but apparently it did not foresee the dangers and complications which were to ensue. During the last ten years the naturalisation laws have been altered several times, but the effect of all the legislation has been that the frank exclusion of the alien from the franchise in 1889 has been covertly maintained ever since. In 1890 the Uitlander was told he could have the vote after ten years. In 1897 the residential qualification was made fourteen years. But in each of these cases conditions were laid down which rendered it virtually impossible for the franchise to be acquired under any circumstances. We are thus in presence of a deliberate policy on the part of the Transvaal to hold the Uitlander at arm's length. If, during the last ten years, President Kruger had shown any desire to help on the partial assimilation of the strangers within his gates, we might well be patient with him even now, for it is certainly not an easy task to absorb a great immigration, especially when it outnumbers the native population. But the truth is that the President has never desired to assimilate the new elements, and a policy of continued patience on our part would only enable him to hold out against it still longer. We have, indeed, cried halt to this policy none too soon. For years past it has kept South Africa in a ferment. It has stimulated lawlessness, it has inspired sedition in our own Colonies, it has revived race discords, and it has brought about a state of things which threatens the very hold of this country on its South African Colonies. Surely, under these circumstances, the Government would be exceedingly unwise did it not insist on a settlement. It is to its credit that if it is no longer able to exhibit patience, it is at any rate showing moderation, for it would be well justified in asking of President Kruger much harder terms than those it has lately placed before him, and which, it is understood, Mr. Hofmeyr is now urging him to accept.

The transfer of Nigeria from the Chartered Company to the Crown is one of those gigantic strokes of business which it requires a world-wide Empire to transact. Half a million square miles of territory and some thirty millions of inhabitants are handed over with as much *sangfroid* as if nothing more than some barren rock in mid-ocean changed hands. There has been no such deal as this since the Queen took over Hindostan from the East India Company. Although Nigeria is not, of course, to be compared with India whether for wealth, population, trade, or political importance, it is, nevertheless, a very valuable possession even at present, and promises to become still more valuable hereafter. Sir George Goldie and the able men he gathered around him have done the work of subjugation so thoroughly that the nation comes into ownership of a "going concern," already yielding substantial profits. That was not the case when the Government bought out the East Africa Company; the unfortunate concern had never paid its way. Even the South Africa Company, although it may claim to be a "going concern" by reason of its restless energy both in development and territorial expansion, has not yet reached the dividend-paying condition. As Nigeria, then, arrived at that stage of growth years ago, it is hard to understand, and still harder to appreciate, Radical cavilling at the amount to be paid to

the shareholders. For considerably less than a million the nation acquires a firmly established business, with all its tangible assets and a good many that are yet intangible. A better bargain has not been made by any Government since Lord Beaconsfield bought Ismail Pasha's shares in the Suez Canal for about a sixth of their present value.

The Court

MILITARY ceremonials have claimed a large share of the Queen's time since Her Majesty's return to Windsor. Following the Aldershot Review came the inspection of the Honourable Artillery Company in Windsor Park on Saturday, when most of the members of the Royal Family were present. Only once before has the Company paraded before the Sovereign without forming part of a general review—when George III. inspected the corps in 1722—but it has always been closely connected with the Throne by having a Prince at its head. This time the Prince of Wales led the regiment past Her Majesty. The day had been rainy, but it cleared just in time for the Queen to arrive with Princesses Christian and Louise in her carriage, and two more carriages following with other Princesses and Royal children. The Duke of Connaught rode by his mother's side, and the Prince of Wales came forward to present the Queen with the traditional statement of the strength of the regiment. Her Majesty first drove along the ranks and the march past then followed, the ceremony closing with the Queen's congratulations to the Prince of Wales and Lord Denbigh, who was in command. When Her Majesty had driven off the Prince of Wales spoke to the corps, expressing the Queen's satisfaction at their appearance. The next Royal military function will be the Queen's presentation of new colours to the Scots Guards next Saturday. Officers, too, have been prominent among Her Majesty's guests at dinner—Lord Kitchener, Sir Redvers Buller, Colonel Hector Macdonald, while Her Majesty bestowed the Distinguished Service Order on two officers and three non-commissioned officers for gallantry in India, Uganda, and Egypt. A nursing sister, Miss Isabella Smith, was also decorated with the Royal Red Cross.

Civilians have had their turn in two investitures of various Orders—one last week, the second on Thursday, chiefly for the recent Birthday Honours. Very interesting to the Queen was the reception of a deputation of ladies from Pembrokeshire to present a silk standard worked by the ladies of the county for the new Royal yacht. As usual in the warm weather Her Majesty has spent most of her mornings at Frogmore, besides attending Service in the Mausoleum on Sunday. The Princess of Wales came down on Sunday to lunch, forming one of the Royal party to listen to the usual afternoon military concert on the East Terrace, opened to the public for the occasion. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were also staying at the Castle together with their daughters, while Prince Arthur and the young Duke of Albany also joined the party from Eton. Dinner parties have been given each night, and on Tuesday evening an operatic performance took place in the Waterloo Chamber before the Queen, Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* and Adams's *Le Châlet*.

Edinburgh has welcomed the Prince of Wales this week with the utmost enthusiasm. Before leaving town he had paid a flying visit to Windsor, had been to Mr. Orchardson's studio to see the picture of the four Royal generations being painted for the Royal Agricultural Society, had given his farewell sitting to Mr. Oulless for the portrait to be presented to the Royal Yacht Squadron, presided at the annual meeting of the Royal College of Music, and had attended Lady Rothschild's "At Home." On Tuesday morning he left town by the Flying Scotsman for Berwick, where a "special" took him to Dalkeith on his visit to the Duke of Buccleuch, Wednesday was devoted to the show of the Highland and Agricultural Society at Prestonfield Park, and next day the Prince received the freedom of the City of Edinburgh. An interesting feature of his stay in Edinburgh was the dinner at Holyrood with the Royal Company of Archers—that very ancient corps which has the sole right of guarding the person of the Sovereign of Scotland. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince would return to town in time for the State Ball in the evening, and to-day (Saturday) he holds the Volunteer Review. The Princess went to Sandringham to rejoin her daughters during her husband's absence. When she goes to Baireuth, on the 25th inst., for the Wagner cycle, she will meet her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland. The Prince also goes to Germany later, intending to spend three weeks at Marienbad, where he derived such benefit two years ago.

The Duke and Duchess of York are visiting South Devon this week, staying with Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh at Ugbrooke Park, Newton Abbot. The chief object of their visit was to open the new wing of the Albert Memorial Museum at Exeter, but they also enjoyed a day's outing on Dartmoor, and went to Dartmouth for the Duke to renew his acquaintance with the *Britannia*, where he studied as a boy with his brother. They had a warm reception on arriving at Newton Abbot, an address being presented, while part of the route to Ugbrooke Park was lined with Volunteers and the clay-cutters of the neighbourhood. On their way the Duke and Duchess stopped to see St. Leonard's Tower, where William I. made his proclamation in 1688.

The thorny question of the Saxe-Coburg succession is settled at last. The Duke of Connaught prefers his own country and his military duties in England to the succession of a German Duchy, nor does he wish that his only son should leave his home and family to become heir to the Saxe-Coburg Throne. Accordingly both the Duke and Prince Arthur renounce their rights, and the succession falls to the young Duke of Albany. It is absolutely necessary that the heir to the Duchy should live in the country and receive a German education, and this is perfectly easy in the case of the Duke of Albany. He will live for the present at Coburg with his mother, while later on he will go to a German University, and finally enter the army. The Duchess of Albany will be sorely missed in England, for she has thoroughly identified herself with her adopted country, and her energy in charitable work has made her genuinely beloved. In all other respects, however, the arrangement gives general satisfaction, the Queen being especially glad to keep the Duke of Connaught near her, while Prince Arthur's career at Eton and in the Army will not be altered. The young Prince, however, reserves his right of succession in the event of the Duke of Albany dying without heirs. The Duke of Albany is to be put under the guardianship of the

Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenbourg, who is closely connected with the Duchy through his marriage to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's third daughter, Princess Alexandra.

Succession difficulties are the order of the day. Disappointed of the hoped-for heir to the throne, the Tsar will shortly issue a decree deciding that if he dies without a son the succession shall fall to his second brother, the Grand Duke Michael. There is no hope of the Tsarevitch George ever recovering completely from his sumptuous condition, so he renounces his rights to the Throne. However, a son should be born before the Tsar's death and should succeed as a minor, the Grand Duke Michael is to be Regent. Meanwhile, the Tsaritsa and her infant daughter, the Grand Duchess Maria, are going on well.

In Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

A FORTNIGHT ago attention was called in this column to a significant episode in the House of Commons, wherein the newly established authority of the Leader of the Opposition was openly flouted. It was surmised that even the placid nature and sweet serenity of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might prove unequal to such a strain. As nothing came of it there has this week been another exhibition of the gentle art of flouting constitutional authority. It happened on Monday, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer expounded in Committee of Ways and Means the scheme for the acquisition of the Niger Company's territory. The transaction, involving a cost of 865,000*l.*, is naturally a little intricate. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a master of lucid statement, succeeded in making the main lines clear. But, as the Leader of the Opposition reasonably remarked, the proposals would be more safely, because more accurately, discussed if members had before them the promised papers. These, the Chancellor of the Exchequer assured the Committee should be immediately forthcoming, and undertook that the second reading of the Bill to be founded on the resolution before the Committee should not be taken till full opportunity had been given for studying them.

It seemed for awhile that the Leader's counsel would be adopted by the Opposition, and that the resolution would be agreed to, debate being deferred to a later stage. Mr. Labouchere made a few remarks that seemed to strengthen that view. He would not oppose the vote, he said, but reserved his right to discuss the matter later. Exactly. That was just what Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman had said. The Chairman was rising to put the question, when Mr. Bowles interposed and took exception to the proceedings on a point of order. This was that before submitting the vote the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have prepared and circulated the figures upon which the bargain with the Niger Company was struck.

The temptation thus unexpectedly held out proved too strong for the easy virtue of the Opposition. If they had been left alone all would have gone well. As it was they one by one hilariously jumped through the hoop held for them by the nominal supporter of the Government. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's authority and advice were sent spinning down the wind, and for two hours by Westminster clock they talked and divided. First they moved to report progress. Coming back from the division lobby they raised fresh debate on the vote. When this game showed a tendency to lag an amendment was moved reducing the amount payable to the Niger Company. Here the patience of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was exhausted. He snapped out a motion for the closure. But that meant two more divisions, one on the proposal "that the question be now put," the second on the question itself. Meanwhile Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had retired to his private room to reflect on the vanity of human wishes, especially when expressed by the Leader of the Liberal Opposition.

A tendency to insubordination, innate in the below-the-Gangway mind, made this episode possible. But there was no mistake about the precise motive at work. Authority for the deal with the Niger Company assuming a financial aspect, it was sought by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the scheme was not Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's. The voice might be the voice of Michael. The hands were the hands of Joseph. Mr. Chamberlain, sitting beside the Chancellor of the Exchequer, reminded his old friends and companions dear below the Gangway opposite that the transference of the Protectorate to the Imperial Government was a scheme that had its birth in the Colonial Office. That was enough for them. Any work of Mr. Chamberlain's must be attacked. If it cannot be defeated it may be obstructed. In short, the Radicals behaved as they did on Monday, not because they loved their leader less, but because they hated Mr. Chamberlain more.

Evidence of this personal feeling was forthcoming on the business immediately following the Committee on the Niger resolution. This was the report stage of a Bill providing a scheme for the ownership of small houses. On the face of it this has nothing to do with the Colonial Office. But such is Mr. Chamberlain's industry, so far-reaching his grasp, that he has undertaken on the top of his Imperial cares to pilot this Bill through the House. That was quite enough for the Radicals. They swarmed around it like wasps on a ripe plum, raising all kinds of objections, and by way of infusing variety into monotonous proceedings, occasionally taking a division. It should be said to Mr. Maclean's credit that he did not take part in the entertainment. For him, as for the Radicals, the sight of Mr. Chamberlain in charge of any particular business has the effect of a red rag upon an ordinarily passive bull. But he prefers solos to concerted pieces, and reserves attack on the colleague of his esteemed Leaders for questions larger than Small Houses.

It was originally arranged that the Committee stage of the Tithes Bill should be taken on Thursday. On reflection Mr. Balfour decided to postpone the event till Monday next. This left fuller leisure this week for dealing with Bills of a less controversial character. The Scotch Private Procedure Bill can scarcely be included in that description. Whilst entirely free from political bias, it offers to Scotch members a field of debate which they have diligently cultivated. The fact that the conversation is reported in the Scotch papers at what to the less tough Southerner seems lamentable length, probably has something to do with the universality of speech-making among Scotch members.

The Lords have this week passed the London Government Bill through its final stages. But it is not yet ready for the Royal Assent. The striking out of the provision added to Clause 2 at the instance of Mr. Courtney, whereby women are eligible either as councillors or alderwomen, necessitates the return of the Bill to the Commons. There an attempt will be made at least to secure the prize of councillorship for ladies. It is not likely to be carried.

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WESTPORT, CLEW BAY, CLARE ISLAND.

KILLYBEGS, GLENTIES, ROSAPENNA.

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KINGSTOWN, GLENDALOUGH, NEW ROSS.

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EAST COAST ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.
ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAINS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS), JULY, 1899, SERVICE.

	C	C	C	C	A	D	BE	F	G
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) dep.	5 15	10 0	11 20	2 30	7 45	8 15	8 45	11 30	11 30
Edinburgh arr.	3 5	6 30	7 45	10 45	3 30	4 0	6 0	7 15	7 15
Glasgow	5 15	7 50	9 55	—	—	5 50	7 25	8 50	10 45
Craigendoran	5 25	9 7	11 44	—	—	7 27	8 1	10 7	—
Callander	5 22	9 0	12 20	—	—	—	8 52	10 55	—
Oban	9 5	—	4 45	—	—	—	11 55	2 5	—
Fort William	9 30	—	—	—	—	—	11 51	5 38	—
Perth	8 7	7 52	10 32	—	4 40	5 14	—	8 55	8 40
Dunkeld	7 50	8 10	1 12	—	—	6 9	10 4	10 4	0 18
Dundee	8 15	8 10	10 51	—	—	5 28	8 30	8 55	0 5
Aberdeen	8 40	10 5	12 50	—	—	7 20	—	10 50	11 10
Ballater	—	—	8 15	—	—	9 45	2 0	2 0	2 0
Inverness	—	—	5 10	—	8 35	9 10	1 50	1 50	1 30

A. From 24th July to 11th August inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.
B. Weekdays and Sundays.
C. On Weekdays only.
D. Weekdays (Saturdays excepted) and Sundays.
E. Not run to Craigendoran Pier, Callander, Oban, Fort William, or Dundee, on Sunday mornings, and arrives Glasgow 7.30 a.m., Perth 8.40, Dunkeld 9.18, Ballater 2.0, Inverness 1.30 on Sundays. F. Weekdays (Saturdays excepted) and Sundays. G. Saturday nights. † Not on Sunday mornings.
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SLEEPING CARRIAGES ARE ATTACHED TO ALL NIGHT TRAINS.
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The fear of trouble arising out of the present crisis, has brought about a great exodus from the Transvaal. Women and children in particular are leaving the country in great numbers for Natal and the Cape, the trains taking from four to five hundred passengers daily.

THE CRISIS IN THE TRANSVAAL: A DAILY SCENE AT THE PARK RAILWAY STATION, JOHANNESBURG

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.L., FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH RESIDENT

The Landing of Dreyfus

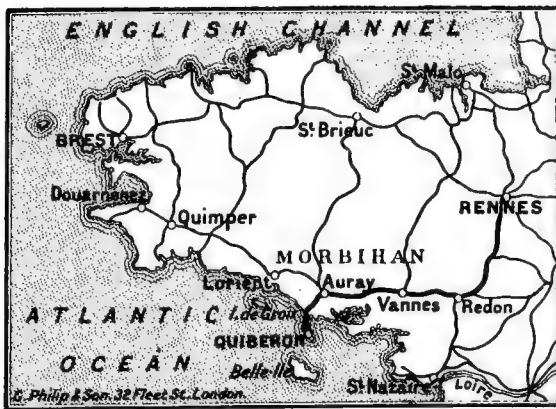
THE dire calamities which, according to the anti-Dreyfus prophets, were to burst upon France at the moment of his arrival in the country from the Ile du Diable—riot and social convulsion and civil war—have not, so far, been realised. Even the firebrand Déroulède has been found on the side of common sense in demanding that if Dreyfus is proved innocent the Ministers of War should be found guilty. But nothing explosive marked the sad home-coming of the sorely tried captain of artillery. Of course it could not be done in a perfectly simple, straightforward way. It was not possible, seemingly, for a mighty nation to land a State prisoner by daylight and safeguard him to his place of detention with the calm assurance of the strength to do what the law demanded. No; Dreyfus must be smuggled in in the dead of night; the journalists must be hoodwinked; the public must be kept in complete ignorance; only "five men" must know the place of landing; the very Admiral in charge of the port to which the *Sfax* was supposed to be bound must not be enlightened; even he must be made to believe that Brest was the appointed place. It was all in perfect keeping with French methods of conducting most affairs, and this great *affaire* in particular.

However, Dreyfus is once more on French soil, still a prisoner with a charge hanging over him, but with some reason to hope that all may yet be well. He was embarked at Cayenne on the cruiser *Sfax* on June 10, and on the 18th the vessel arrived at Cape St. Vincent. There the captain, Coffinières de Nordeck, received instructions from the Government to land Dreyfus at Port Haliguen at night on the 30th. One paper only, the *Matin*, of Paris, knew of the spot, and one paper only, the *Temps*, was able to give an account of the landing.

It was to this latter journal that a telegram came on Sunday last from M. Henry Céard, who, it seems, takes his summer's rest from literary labours on the peninsula of Quiberon, at the village of Port Haliguen. It appears that at six o'clock fishermen, who had been out in the offing, announced that they had seen the *Sfax*. Immediately the entire population, consisting of about 150 people, went off to the pier, where a closed carriage, drawn by two white horses, was drawn up, in which was M. Vigué, Director of the Criminal Department. At the same time a company of the 116th Regiment of the Line arrived. It was not, however, until a quarter to two that a launch was heard approaching. "The men bring the boat to land," writes M. Céard, "Dreyfus is in the middle of them. By the light of a lantern I see him attired in a mackintosh, with a soft



THE LEVEL CROSSING AT LA RABLAIS, ABOUT TWO MILES OUT OF RENNES, WHERE CAPTAIN DREYFUS LEFT THE TRAIN



MAP SHOWING QUIBERON, WHERE THE PRISONER LANDED, AND THE LINE OF RAIL BY WHICH HE TRAVELLED TO RENNES

travelling hat of the 'bolero' pattern on his head. He gets out of the boat, and between two gendarmes, with slow and weary tread, he ascends the steps, and so goes on to the carriage brought by M. Vigué. He enters it, the troops surround the vehicle, which proceeds at a rapid pace to the Quiberon station, a kilometre from Port Haliguen."

At Quiberon station a special train was waiting consisting of four carriages, and it started almost immediately after the prisoner and escort had entered it. Due at Rennes at 5.15 it arrived there about 6.0, but had been stopped at La Rablais, a level crossing a mile or two outside; there carriages were waiting in which the party were driven to Rennes. The carriage in which Dreyfus was seated was surrounded by gendarmes, and as it approached the prison the gates opened and two hundred gendarmes, who had been kept inside suddenly rushed out and barred the street on either side of the entrance. Those who were present—and many journalists had been up night after night awaiting the arrival—got a glimpse of Dreyfus as he was hurried past. They noticed that he was wearing a blue suit with a grey overcoat. He looked startled and tired; his face was tanned, his hair grey, and his reddish beard trimmed to a point. His eyes seemed expressionless; they looked at the ground, then at the warders, then the prison, but seem to see nothing, and to be looking at something far away. To see him walk thus, said an eye-witness of the arrival, with his indifferent step, with vague eyes and fixed thoughts, he seems to follow something which he does not resist and which he obeys. He

seems to follow his destiny. A man behind him, a sergeant-major, taps his shoulder and points to door "C." Dreyfus enters it and disappears. Disappears once more from the sight of the world after this brief glimpse of him as he passed on to his destiny—but to re-appear again, as all honest men sincerely hope, with the untarnished, unutilized uniform of his rank and with an undimmed sword by his side. Some days previously Madame Dreyfus had arrived at Rennes, Madame Godard, a well-known resident, having placed her house at her disposal. On the arrival of her husband, Madame Dreyfus was at once informed, and accorded permission to visit him. The meeting between husband and wife was deeply touching. The prisoner has also been allowed to see his counsel. He seems to have been well treated throughout his voyage, though strictly guarded. No one was permitted to speak to him, but he was allowed a plentiful supply of books but no newspapers. On landing in France he was utterly ignorant of all that had taken place during the past two years, and the whole agitation and the various incidents connected with the re-opening of his case came upon him as a revelation.

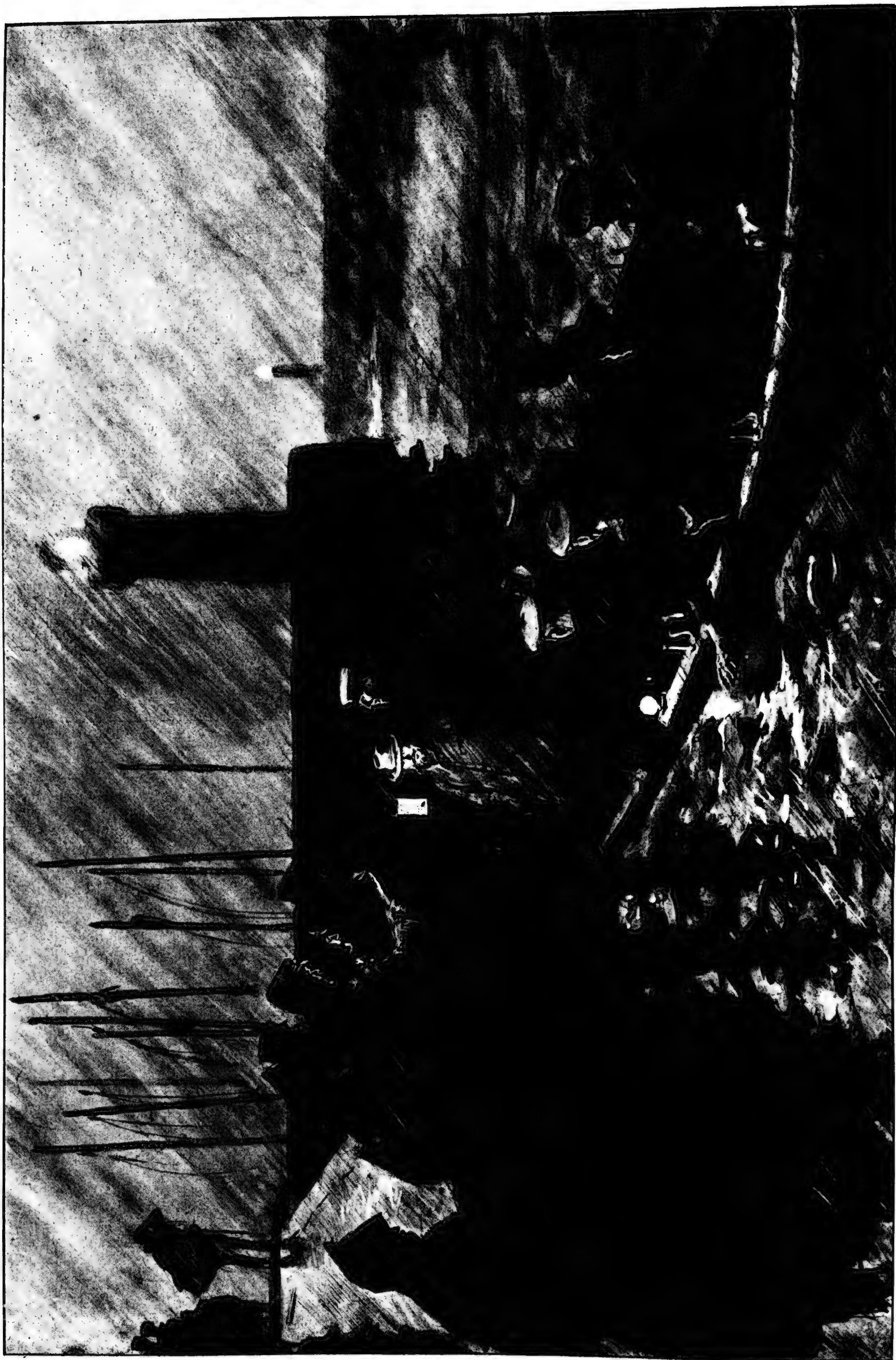


DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL DESTÉZ

Although the hour of the arrival was kept secret many people gathered at the station. Madame Dreyfus was dressed in black and looked pale, and the crowd as she passed down the platform maintained an almost funereal silence

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: THE ARRIVAL OF MADAME DREYFUS AT THE RAILWAY STATION AT RENNES



At 1.35 on Sunday night the watchers on the pier heard the cry of "A boat!" and a launch emerged dimly from the darkness through the mist and rain. The rowers, grounded oars, and Captain Dreyfus was seen to be in the midst of them. By the light of a lantern it was seen that he was wearing an overcoat and a soft hat. The prisoner was the second to land. He ascended the steps slowly and wearily, but is reported to have been much affected when he first set foot again on French soil.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, HENRI LANOS

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: THE FIRST LANDING ON FRENCH SOIL AT PORT HALGUEEN

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

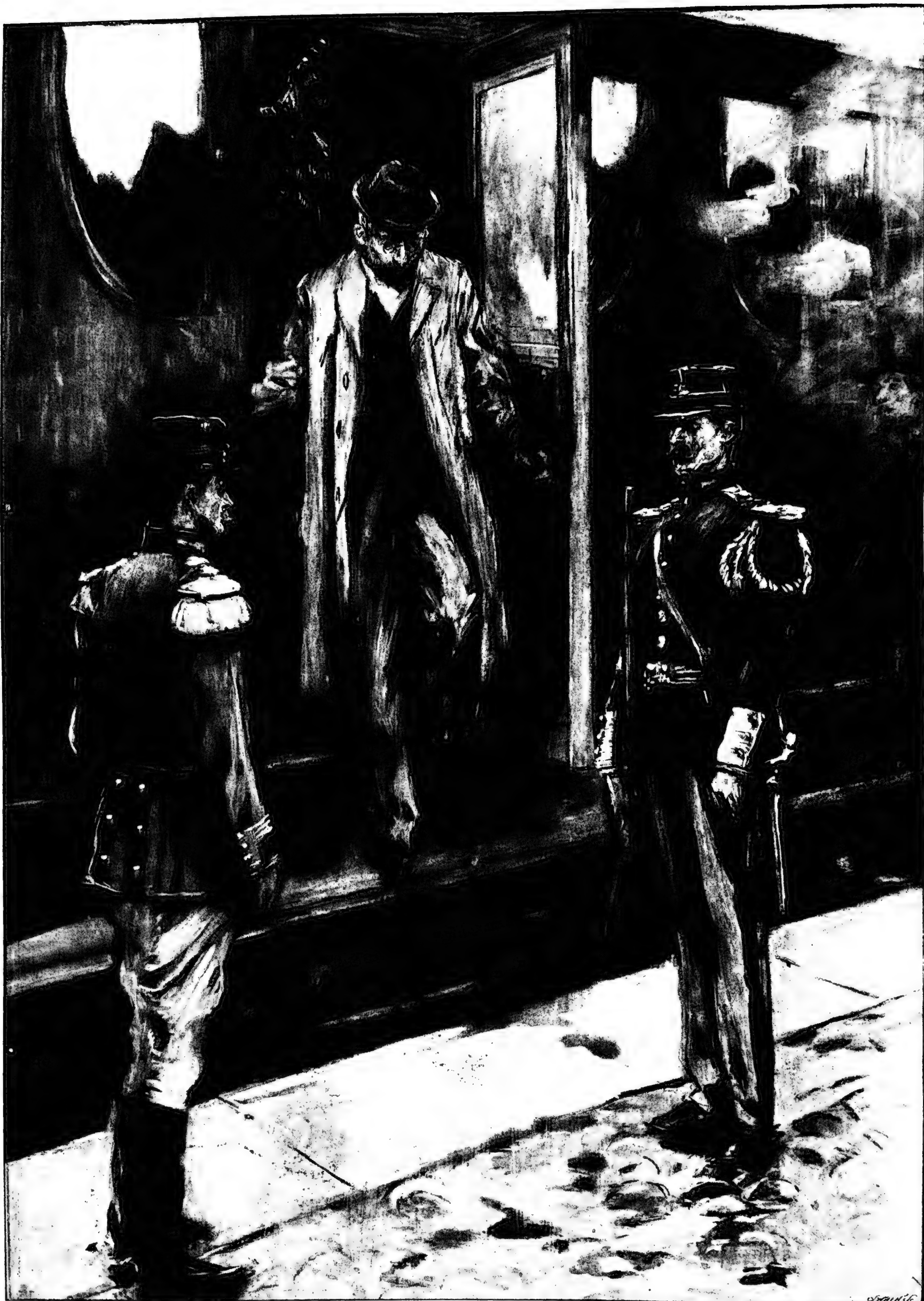


DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

Immediately upon landing the gendarmes surrounded the prisoner, and conducted him to the landau which was in waiting. Captain Dreyfus was the first to enter, and after a few moments' hesitation he took his place on the front seat, Captain Gandon and two gendarmes following. The night was dark and gloomy, with driving wind and rain. The tired soldiers surrounded the landau, and the melancholy procession started at a walking pace, presenting much the appearance of a funeral

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, HENRI LANOS

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: DRIVING TO QUIBERON TOWN STATION FROM THE QUAY



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL DESTÈZ

CAPTAIN DREYFUS LEAVING THE TRAIN AT LA RABLAIS, NEAR RENNES, ON HIS WAY TO THE MILITARY PRISON

THE RETURN OF THE EXILE



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL DESTÈZ

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD
Captain Dreyfus was driven from the station in a large, heavy landau drawn by two horses. The prisoner was guarded by gendarmes, and, notwithstanding the early hour, the streets were lined with troops, in order to prevent possible demonstrations. There seems to have been nobody about, however, besides the soldiers, but the ever-vigilant journalists

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: DRIVING FROM LA RABLAIS TO THE PRISON AT RENNES

THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—V.

THE VOLUNTEERS

By HENRY H. S. PEARSE



LONDON AND WESTMINSTER LIGHT HORSE VOLUNTEER, 1803
DRAWN BY G. GARRARD, A.R.A.

BUT for the modesty that characterises all claims set up by Volunteers on their own behalf there is no reason why they should not make July the 8th of this year a tercentenary festival instead of a celebration that is intended to commemorate only the last hundred years of their existence as a defensive force. There were Volunteers in "the spacious times of Great Elizabeth," when City companies contributed their fighting men in thousands to swell the ranks at Tilbury Camp. Their martial ardour did not abate with the destruction of Philip's proud Armada, or so long as any apprehensions of danger to the nation remained, for in 1599 "many of the nobility, the Lord Mayor, and most of the Aldermen, with all the commanders and commissioned officers of the Trained Bands and Auxiliaries exercised arms in the Artillery Garden." There have been Volunteers eager to take up arms against the foes of England in all troublous periods since then, and, indeed, it would be difficult to name any epoch of our history in which the patriotic spirit that animates Volunteers did not manifest itself whenever the nation seemed to be in peril. Guilds of archers, trained bands, military associations, Volunteer regiments alike sprang from the determination of men to fight for their country and guard it from invasion. Their distinctive characters have changed from time to time with the objects that called them into action, but the vital force has always been the same and is appropriately embodied in the Honourable Artillery Company of London, with its unbroken history running

through three centuries back to the old Fraternity of Artillery or Gunners of the Tower, who received their charter from Henry VIII., and whose "great-gonnes and hande-gonnes" who discharged shook very terribly," at a great review of the City forces before that Monarch at Westminster in 1539. But the Honourable Artillery Company has through all these ages claimed a position a little apart from successive Volunteer movements. For a prototype of the force as it at present exists, therefore, we must look neither to that company nor to the trained bands of Elizabethan times, nor to the paid Volunteers of a later period, but rather to the Military Foot Associations of merchants, gentlemen, and persons of property who voluntarily banded themselves into companies and battalions for resistance to "the Popish rebellion from the north" under the Pretender in the reign of King George III. One of these associations at Exeter came to premature dissolution through the refusal of tradesmen composing it to serve in the ranks with "common men" or Volunteers, who were branded as "a set of mercenaries" for accepting pay in addition to their arms and uniforms. By a curious irony of fate, the military associations raised for defence against "a Popish Pretender at the head of an army of Rebellious Villains," did not fire a shot in anger until they were engaged in suppressing Lord George Gordon's "No Popery" riots in 1780. In that terrible work none played a more prominent part than the London Military Foot Association, which fought beside the Honourable Artillery Company, and afterwards became merged in its ranks. Thus the Volunteer movement of that time was at least identified incidentally with the H.A.C., and no historical sketch of English Volunteers could be complete which did not include the ancient corps on whose vellum roll of membership may be found such illustrious names as those of Prince Rupert, John Milton, Monk, Duke of Albemarle, Sir Christopher Wren, John Wilkes, who was a General of City Volunteers, and William Beckford, father of the author of "Vathek," besides reigning Monarchs and Royal Captains-General from Charles II. to the Prince Consort and Albert Edward Prince of Wales. Except the Honourable Artillery Company, there is no Volunteer corps that can trace its history for much more than a century, even if the licence of bridging a blank between Waterloo and the Crimea be allowed. Many, however, claim a sort of interrupted descent from regiments that were enrolled during the great Volunteer revival of a century ago, either in virtue of their connection with the same localities, or because they bear similar names, or by right of heritage as possessors of the regimental colours that were carried in review past George III. on June 4, 1799. Among these are the Queen's Westminster, at whose headquarters the old colours of the Royal Westminster are carefully preserved, and the St. George's, whose local habitation is near where it was a century ago, and who have come into possession not only of the colours that were carried by the St. George's Hanover Square Regiment, but also of several interesting documents, among which is the memorandum book, kept by the regimental adjutant, Captain Walter, and now in the custody of Major G. S. Beeching, to whom I am indebted for the privilege of being able to make some extracts in their appropriate place. It is generally known that the Georgian revival of Volunteering began two years before the close of last century, when, under threats of a French invasion, the patriotic fervour in this country rose to the highest pitch, and all classes were ready to make any sacrifice of time or money for the national security. The Honourable Artillery Company, besides nearly doubling its strength, raised no less than 1,000*l.* by voluntary subscriptions among its members, and handed that sum over to the Treasury as their contribution to a national defence fund. Mr. Russell, the famous Exeter carrier of those days, placed a large number of his eight-horse waggons at



OFFICER OF HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY IN 1799

the disposal of the War Office free of all charge, and people by hundreds made similarly liberal offers to meet the needs of military transport and supply. Volunteers or "fencibles," as they were officially designated, found a place assigned to them in the scheme that was drawn up by Sir Henry Calvert, Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Forces, for defence of many positions between London and the coast, and enrolment went on so rapidly that by the summer of 1799 their numbers had increased from 5,000 to 30,000 under arms. That year may therefore be taken as the starting-point of a Volunteer revival, of which a more permanent stage has been reached in our day. In this sense, therefore, the date is most memorable in the annals of Volunteering, and there is special appropriateness in selecting it for commemoration. On June 4, 1799, King George III. caused all the Volunteer regiments and armed associations of London to be brought together for Review in Hyde Park, and the centenary of that event is to be celebrated by a similar gathering on the same ground to-day—similar in the spirit that animates it and the motives that called it into existence though widely different in many other respects.

General Lord Harrington, "as head of the London staff," was in charge of all arrangements for the Great Review under H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, whom the King had appointed "Commander-in-Chief of the Volunteer Forces in the London District." The Honourable Artillery Company, though still regarding itself as



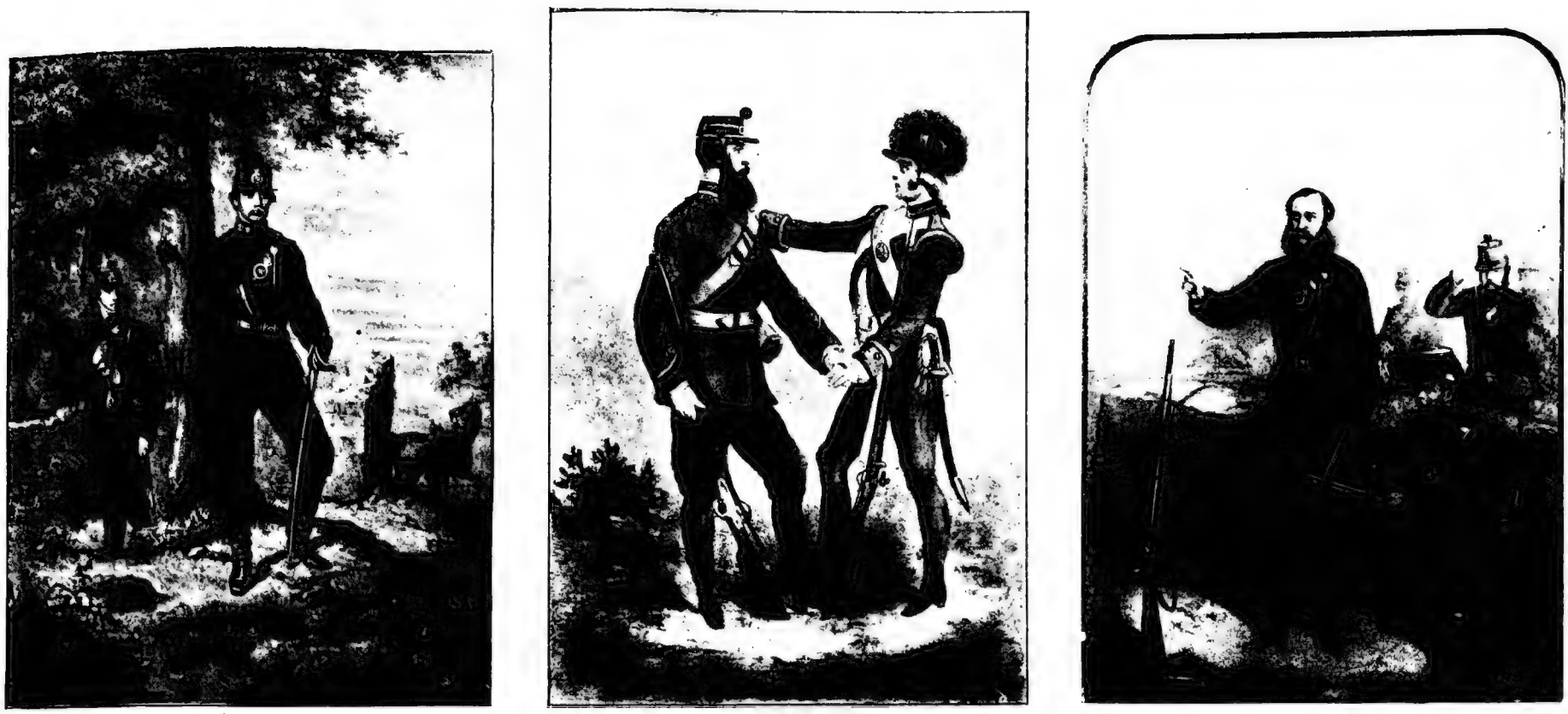
VISCOUNT RANELAGH, LIEUT.-COL. COMMANDANT
OF THE 2ND SOUTH MIDDLESEX V.R.C.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY H. FLEUSS



LORD ELCHO, M.P., LIEUT.-COLONEL OF THE
LONDON SCOTTISH



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, LIEUT.-COLONEL COMMANDANT
OF THE VICTORIA V.R.C.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY H. FLEUSS

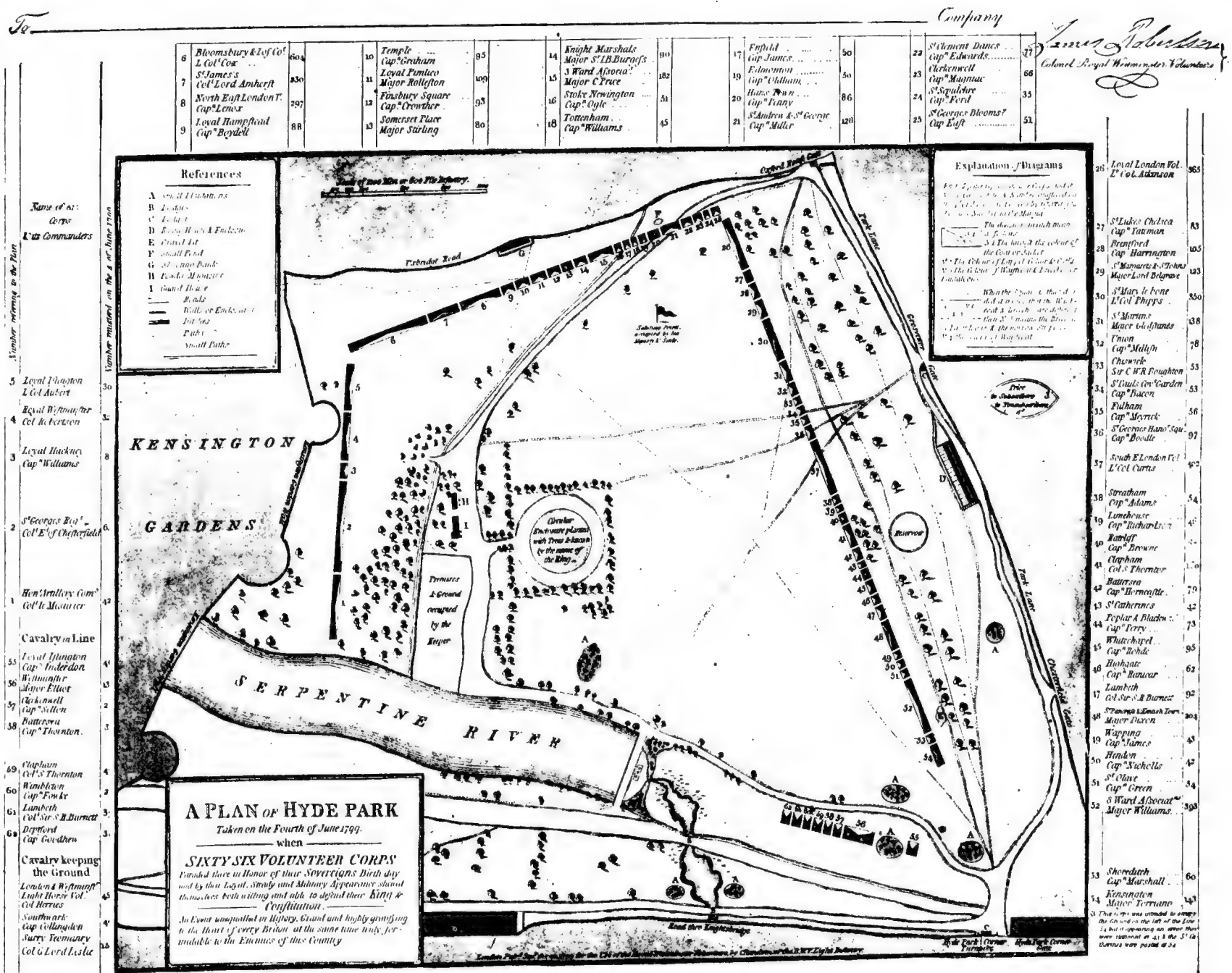


WILLIAM COUTTS, VISCOUNT BURY, M.P., LT.-COL. COMMANDANT OF THE CIVIL SERVICE V.R.C.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY H. FLEUSS

VOLUNTEER UNIFORMS IN 1804 AND 1860

LIEUTENANT HANS BUSK, VICTORIA RIFLES, ONE OF THE CHIEF ORGANISERS OF THE MODERN VOLUNTEER FORCE

a corps distinct from the general organisation, took part in this demonstration, being posted on the right of the infantry line, and next to the cavalry, which consisted of the Loyal Islington, Westminster, Clerkenwell, Battersea, Clapham, Wimbledon, Lambeth and Deptford Troops. The London and Westminster Light Horse, which achieved celebrity under Colonel Herries, were employed with the Southwark Corps and Surrey Yeomanry in keeping the ground. The infantry were drawn up on three sides of a vast trapezium, the Honourable Artillery Company, under Colonel Le Mesurier, having its right flank on the Serpentine banks, near Kensington Gardens. Next in order came the St. George's Regiment, strongest of all on the ground, and numbering 641,

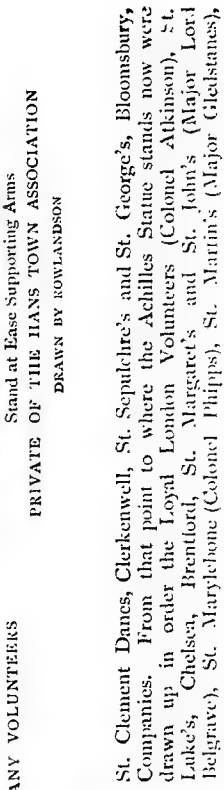
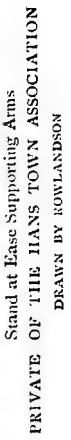
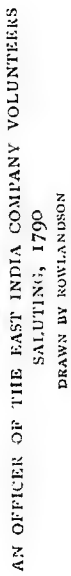
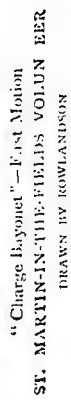
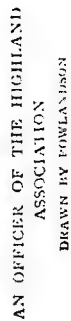


GENERAL ORDERS.

His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief has his Majesty's particular commands to communicate to the several corps of Volunteers assembled this morning in Hyde Park, the great satisfaction, with which his Majesty witnessed their regularity and military appearance, and the striking manifestation of their cordial and affectionate attachment to his Majesty. It is especially pleasing to his Majesty, to observe the effect of the unwearied diligence and attention of the Officers, and of the zeal and alacrity of the Volunteers composing this truly respectable force, which entitles them to the strongest expressions of his Majesty's approbation, and which gratify the just sentiments of national pride, in the same proportion as which they add to the public security. His Majesty cannot express the satisfaction he has derived, of his Majesty's approbation, and which gratify the just sentiments of national pride, in the same proportion as which they add to the public security. His Majesty cannot express the satisfaction he has derived, of his Majesty's approbation, and which gratify the just sentiments of national pride, in the same proportion as which they add to the public security.

Home Guards June 4. 1799

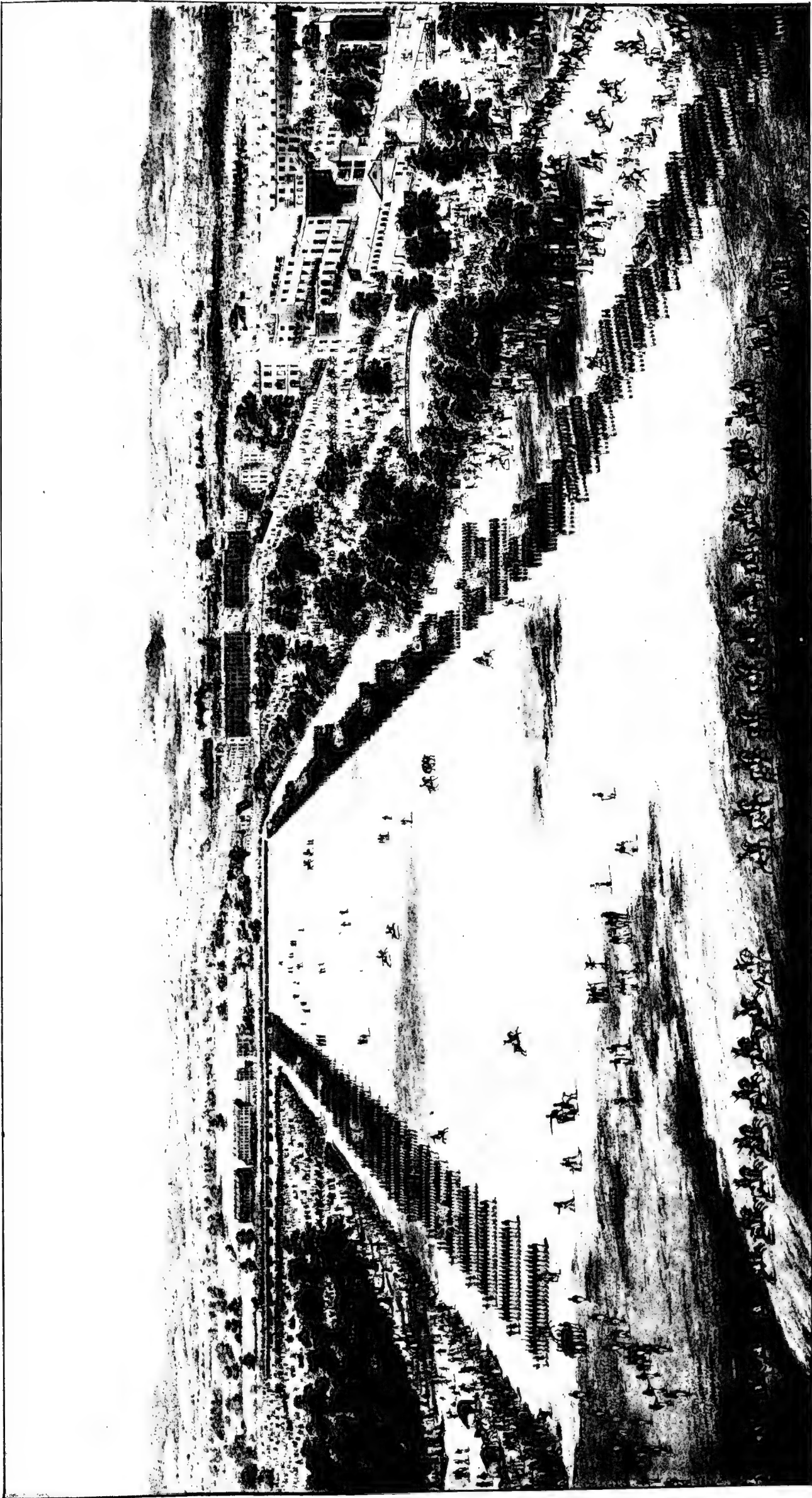
Frederick F. M.
Commander in Chief.



under the Earl of Chesterfield. Between them and Colonel Robertson's Royal Westminster Volunteers was a company of the Loyal Hackney, and that side of the formation was completed by the Loyal Islington, under Colonel Aubert. Stretching along the Uxbridge Road side, nearly to Oxford Road Gate, where the Marble Arch now is, were the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court, under Colonel

Cox, whose command numbered 604, being next in strength to the St. George's Regiment, the St. James's, commanded by Lord Amherst, the North-East London, the Loyal Hampstead, the Temple, Loyal Fimlico, Finsbury Square, Somerset Place, Knights Marshals, Three Ward Associations, Stoke Newington, Tottenham, Enfield, Edmonton, Hans Town, St. Andrew and St. George,

St. Clement Dances, Clerkenwell, St. Sepulchre's and St. George's, Bloomsbury, Companies. From that point to where the Achilles Statue stands now were drawn up in order the Loyal London Volunteers (Colonel Atkinson), St. Luke's, Chelsea, Brentford, St. Margaret's and St. John's (Major Lord Belgrave), St. Marylebone (Colonel Phipps), St. Martin's (Major Gledstanes),



GEORGE III. REVIEWING VOLUNTEERS IN HYDE PARK ON HIS BIRTHDAY, JUNE 4, 1799
A FACSIMILE OF A CONTEMPORARY PRINT, DRAWN BY ROBERT SMIRKE, JUNE.

Union, Chiswick, St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Fulham, St. George's, Hanover Square, South-East London (Colonel Curtis), Streatham, Limehouse, Ratcliff, Clapham, Battersea, Kensington, Poplar and Blackwall, Whitechapel, Highgate, Lambeth (Colonel Sir R. W. Burnett), St. Pancras and Kentish Town, Wapping, Ifendon, St. Olave Ward Association, under Major Williams, and the St. Catherine's company. Sixty-six corps were on the ground in a total strength of 8,000 men. From Rowlandson's commemorative book, containing coloured illustrations of every uniform worn that day, one may gather some idea of the picturesque array and its imposing appearance with a multitude of gorgeous colours unfurled, the summer foliage belting it round, and the distant landscape stretching away beyond Tyburn fields to Hampstead heights and Harrow on the Hill. A hundred thousand spectators gathered to gaze on that scene, and stayed there in spite of wind and rain. Rowlandson's book, priced at twenty-five

pounds now, is a closed volume to most people, and houses have blocked the pleasant view across Tyburn fields, but imagination may still conjure up the picture as it was when George III., with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief, the Dukes of Kent and Cumberland, rode on to the ground to be received by the Duke of Gloucester and his staff, and to see the patriotic Volunteers of London march past in all their martial pride. The occasion inspired Robert Smirke, R.A., to execute an allegorical medallion, in which the spirit of Volunteering was represented holding a shield over the Metropolis. There were other reviews by the King that year. He inspected all the City corps at the posts they were told off to occupy in case of need, though what they meant to defend, or how they thought of doing it along a line from Blackfriars Bridge, by Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's Churchyard, to Finsbury, with patrols pushed out Islington way, and presumably in other directions also, it would be difficult to say.

The Surrey Volunteers were assembled for his Majesty's inspection on Wimbledon Common in July, and five thousand men of Kent were reviewed on August 1 in Lord Romney's park near Maidstone, whither the King, accompanied by members of the Royal Family, drove from Kew. In June of the following year the Hertfordshire Volunteers were reviewed by the King at Hatfield where they do not seem to have done much beyond consuming enormous quantities of beef, mutton, veal, ham, and gooseberry pies, with liquors appropriate thereto, at a cost of 3,000*l.* to Lord Salisbury, though the numbers on parade did not much exceed 1,500 men. The Volunteers of that day were paid somewhat liberally, if we may judge by an order dated St. George's Parade, August 24, 1799, for 1,000*l.* being "three months' allowance to the St. George's, Hanover Square, Volunteer Regiment, commanded by Colonel the Earl of Chesterfield for pay, &c., &c., to the non-commissioned officers, drummers, privates from the 25th of May to the 24th of August."

After peace was declared in 1801 the patriotic ebullition subsided, so that in a War Office list published little more than a year later the only infantry Volunteer corps in London then retaining their full complement of officers were the Bank of England, three Royal East India Regiments, and the St. George's Regiment of all that had been raised in the London district and reviewed by the King. Fresh life, however, was given to the movement directly war broke out again in 1803. October 19 in that year was observed as a fast day, when all the metropolitan Volunteers for whom accommodation could be found in churches all over London attended Divine Service. A week later they were reviewed by the King. But their numbers had increased so greatly that all could not be got together in Hyde Park, and two days had to be set apart, the London and Whitechapel corps being reviewed first, those of Westminster, Southwark, and outlying districts on the second day. With a rapidity that was remarkable the old corps were brought up to much above their former strength, and new ones sprang into existence. Chief among these were ten additional regiments of Loyal London Volunteers, the Tower Hamlets, Bromley, St. Leonards, Christchurch, Prince of Wales's Westminster Regiment, Loyal North Britons (the London Scottish of their time), commanded by the Duke of Sussex, the Law Association, Duke of Gloucester's Regiment, Loyal British Artificers, Loyal Britons, Queen's Royal, the Knightsbridge, the 1st Surrey, Duke of Cumberland's Corps of Volunteer Sharpshooters, and the Gray's Inn Corps of Volunteer Riflemen. Over 27,000 Volunteers passed before the King on those two days in place of the 8,000 reviewed by him in 1799, and the enrolled strength of corps within five miles of London had increased to 46,000 men. At this review the

Victoria Rifles made their first appearance as the Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters, commanded by Major Barber, who afterwards took the name of Beaumont, and whose family have continued to interest themselves in the corps to this day. They were the first Volunteers to be armed with a rifle, the Gray's Inn corps having been formed later. From historical sketches compiled by Captain Alfred Keelson, and his son, Captain Charles A. C. Keelson, it appears that the Sharpshooters never accepted any pay. All other Volunteer corps, however, continued to draw allowances for field days and guard duties, though apparently not on a scale very ruinous to the State, as we find from an entry in Captain Walter's memorandum book that 495 men of the St. George's Regiment were paid for a review, at which the King was present, the magnificent sum of five pence each. They had, however, beer tickets in addition, to the value of sixpence, and one of these, bearing the adjutant's initials, F. A. W., has been preserved to this day. Another entry in that book is interesting if not curious. It records how the adjutant, returning from a field-day, found that the armourers had been "from three in the afternoon till night playing cards and drinking." To one apparently simple event this officer evidently attaches some grave meaning. The fact that "Captain Vincent called to intimate his having wrote to Lord Chesterfield his resignation" is set down with three big notes of exclamation which remind one of a resolution passed about the same time by a Loughborough corps, two members of which had sent in their resignations and surrendered their arms, whereupon the corps "voted them cowards and dastards, that they be sent to Coventry and their names advertised in the Leicestershire papers." Volunteering was taken very seriously in those days. Nevertheless it languished again when no call for active service came as the long war dragged on. Some corps celebrated the King's Jubilee by assembling in Hyde Park to fire a *feu de joie*, but there was no great



The new method of charging the bayonet

A PRIVATE OF THE LOYAL NORTH BRITONS ASSOCIATION

DRAWN BY J. GREEN



GEORGE III., THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND THE DUKE OF YORK REVIEWING THE VOLUNTEERS IN HYDE PARK, JUNE 4, 1799

FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Driver Artillery Division

Private, Full Dress: Off Duty



Captain Artillery Division

Captain Battalion

Captain Rifle Division

Private, Drill Dress

Sergeant Artillery Division

Corporal Rifles

Lieutenant Light Infantry

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY IN 1854

gathering that year. In 1811 the Prince Regent held a review at Wimbledon, which is noteworthy from the fact that a mounted detachment of the Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters formed an escort for the Prince. This is the earliest record of mounted riflemen to be found in Volunteer annals. The "Vics" may therefore claim that their regiment, as then organised, took the lead in a movement that has assumed importance since. After Napoleon's abdication and the conclusion of peace in 1814, the Volunteers assembled for a last review by the Prince Regent in Hyde Park on June 20, in the presence of Alexander Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Blücher, and Prince Schwartzberg. Then they received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for their services, and were disbanded. This measure did not affect the Honourable Artillery Company, and there was a special disposition in favour of the Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters, who received the Home Secretary's permission to retain their organisation as a Rifle Club, and to practise arms on condition that they did not obtrude themselves on public notice. This condition was so faithfully observed that few people heard of the club's existence, except when its members had matches among themselves at Kilburn or against other clubs, of which no records now remain. Medals, however, still exist bearing witness to the fact that this club for a long time maintained the pre-eminence in marksmanship by which it had been distinguished among Volunteers, when it won a Silver Cup in competition with five other London Corps by such admirable shooting that Major Beaumont, who had himself made the highest score in the match, "was so satisfied of the efficiency of his men that on one occasion, in

Hyde Park, he held the target while the entire corps fired consecutively into it at the distance of 150 yards." The fact is recorded on vellum, and it should be enough to keep his memory green even if he had not founded an institution in East London which has now grown into the People's Palace. Towards the close of William IV.'s reign a change of title was suggested, and, by gracious permission from the Duchess of Kent, this club was allowed to style itself the Royal Victoria Rifle Club, after the young Princess, who two years later became Queen of England. In this connection it is interesting to note as a curious coincidence that the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon in the jubilee year of Her Majesty's reign was won by Lieutenant Warren of the Victorias, who claim to be successors of the club to which Princess Victoria gave her name. Still retaining some semblance of military organisation, this club continued to drill by sanction of the Civil authorities after 1849, two companies having been formed under officers who bore only

courtesy titles, as they held no commissions. Thus we are brought to the early days of another Volunteer revival, and it must be admitted that continuity gives the Victorias a very strong claim to rank first in seniority among the corps of Great Britain. Priority in the date of being gazetted, however, gives that distinction to the 1st Devon. The Victoria Rifles come next on the list, and take precedence of all infantry Volunteer corps in London as the 1st Middlesex, a territorial title which is now shared by the St. George's, these two corps having become incorporated in one battalion. Exeter Volunteers owe their proud position mainly to Doctor Bucknill (father of Mr. Justice Bucknill), whose services in this patriotic cause were recognised a few years ago by the bestowal of a knighthood on him, and more recently by a memorial which appreciative Devonians have set up in honour of one whom they regard as "the father of the Volunteer movement." That claim, however, is not universally recognised.

At a time when threats of invasion were again rife the thoughts of many men naturally turned to measures of national defence that had warded off dangers in other times. Exeter, through Doctor Bucknill, only expressed thoughts that were in all minds, and applications for permission to enrol came from every quarter, but such scant encouragement was given by Government to these proposals that for a time the martial spirit seemed in danger of being snuffed out. The South Devon Corps, however, with a Chichester at its head, and the Victoria Rifles, having the Duke of Wellington as their colonel, were gazetted within a few days of each other, and the officers received their commissions signed by lord lieutenants in August, 1853. Liverpool followed quickly with a corps raised by Colonel Bousfield, whose fellow-citizens presented him with a sword of honour. Lancashire, therefore, ranks in the Volunteer movement third among English counties, and then Surrey, where a corps was raised by Colonel Boucher, who had served as a non-commissioned officer of the 5th Dragoon Guards under Yorke Scarlett. Six years elapsed before official lethargy could be overcome. In the meantime Hans Busk, a lieutenant in the Victoria Rifles, and author of a book that ran through thirteen editions in the course of one year, had been travelling throughout England to rouse the country by fervent appeals to a sense of insecurity. Mr. Bates Richards, afterwards a Volunteer colonel, was doing the same in London, and Lord Elcho delivered a stirring speech at Freemasons' Tavern. Admiral Sir Charles Napier and two of his soldier brothers, with Generals Sir Henry Smith and Sir de Lacy Evans, became warm advocates of the movement, and at last an enthusiastic meeting in St. Martin's Hall brought public opinion to bear with a force which authorities at the Horse Guards could no longer resist. Colonel Sir Duncan McDougall, who had previously advocated universal ballot for the militia, fell in with the new movement, and enrolled himself as an honorary member of the St. George's Rifles, of which the Hon. Hugh Lindsay, founder of the St. George's Challenge Vase Competition at Wimbledon, became Colonel, Lords Bury, Ranelagh, Elcho, and Truro, Colonel the Hon. Alexander Gordon, Earl Grosvenor (now Duke of Westminster), Colonel Tom Hughes, Colonel Brewster of the Inns of Court, the Marquis of Donegal, first colonel of the London Irish, Lord Spencer, Sir R. Lloyd-Lindsay, V.C., and many other men of influence were leaders in a movement that gathered strength every day. Within six months from the date of the meeting in St. Martin's Hall over forty corps had been raised in Middlesex, and throughout the country similar enthusiasm prevailed. Before the end of 1859 a hundred and fifty thousand Volunteers had been enrolled. Neither they nor their leaders, however, had anything but the vaguest ideas as to the organisation or duties best adapted to such a force, and there was only one man then at the War Office inclined to put them in the right way. Reading by the cold light of criticism the speeches that were delivered and distributed broadcast about that time people may be inclined to smile at the estimation in which patriotic Volunteers were held by their friends and themselves. We are apt to think that there was something almost childishly bombastic about it, and this seems to be expressed in the eccentric variety of equipment they adopted. Every company had its own idea of what a Volunteer Rifleman's uniform should be. Each corps vied with the other in attempts to devise a distinctive uniform for itself. These remarks apply equally to Light Horse and Infantry Volunteers of that time. The Artillery and Engineers, however, from the first day of their enrolment, had more clearly defined objects in view, and this unanimity was expressed in the adoption of uniforms differing only in minor details from those worn by kindred branches of the regular service. Naval Artillery Volunteers, of which only four brigades were formed in London, Liverpool, Bristol and the Clyde districts, went a step further by adopting the picturesque garb of bluejackets, with which they tried to put on the characteristic gait also, but there is a popular belief that their sea legs always failed them, when most needed, on board ship. After a time the military authorities realised that their duties towards the new movement did not end with the appointment of paid adjutants and drill instructors. Volunteers had to be brought more directly in touch with the Inspector of Auxiliary Forces, and it was a fortunate day for them when Colonel McMurdo's duties in that connection were officially proclaimed. With consummate tact and the gentlest possible regard for prejudices, he gradually brought the different elements into line and laid the foundation of a permanent organisation. There were even then two distinct schools, Lord Ranelagh and his followers being all for self-supporting independence and freedom from military leading strings, while Lord Bury was the chief exponent of the rational view that Volunteers could never be of much good as a defensive force unless they placed themselves under proper authority and became parts of a comprehensive scheme. In other words, they would have to be soldiers amenable to discipline or count for nothing at all. The two schools shelved their differences, and did their best for a general success when it was announced that the Queen would review all Volunteers of the Home District in Hyde Park on June 23, 1860. Three months before that 2,500 Volunteer officers had been presented at a Levée, a thousand of them dined together, with the Duke of Cambridge as president, in St. James's Hall, the same night, and the dinner was followed by a grand ball in the Floral Hall at Covent Garden. These festivities did much good by bringing officers together, and thus paving the way for a better understanding among them. Without that, in the absence of any regularly constituted staff, it would have been difficult to insure success. The Duke of Wellington once said that there were not half a dozen generals of the British Army who could concentrate twenty thousand troops in Hyde Park at a given time without confusion. In the first year of their enrolment 18,450 Volunteers practically concentrated themselves there. They took many hours to do it, but in the end their march past the Queen was a brilliant success. The spirit of discipline must have been strong in them at that time, though they had learned very little of its substance from actual experience. George Augustus Sala wrote a full account of the spectacle, which he published in pamphlet form. That year also the National Rifle Association began its prosperous and useful career at Wimbledon. On July 2 the first shot was fired by the Queen from a Whitworth rifle, which had been previously laid with a true aim on the target and fixed in a rest. A bull's-eye was signalled, and the iron plate with that shot mark on it is still preserved for annual exhibition at Bisley meetings. In the same month Lord Ranelagh, regardless of military frowns and civilian satires, took over four thousand infantry Volunteers to Chislehurst for a sham fight in

the park of Camden House, where the exiled Emperor of the French took up his residence ten years later. In August 19,000 Scottish Volunteers and about a tenth of that number from English border counties were reviewed at Edinburgh, but they contented themselves with a simple march past before the assembled spectators, who swarmed on the rugged steeps of Arthur's Seat. This was followed by a review of Midland Volunteers in Lord Derby's park at Knowsley a month later, and by a great gathering of Yorkshire corps on Knavesmire in September. Easter Monday Reviews were begun in 1861, Lord Ranelagh taking command of 7,000 men on Brighton Downs, and Lord Bury of 4,600 at Wimbledon. That year, and for many years afterwards, the Wimbledon meeting closed with a review, in which Volunteers and Regulars took part. When the Princess Alexandra entered London, and passed through it amid the thunderous welcome of a mighty multitude, 17,000 Volunteers lined the way through Hyde Park, and the Honourable Artillery Company, with the London Rifle Brigade, were on similar duty in the City.

The Brighton Review on Easter Monday marked an era in the following month in the National movement. War Office apathy had been overcome to the extent that a General on the active list, Lord William Paulet, was appointed to command the 20,000 Volunteers and Regulars brought together on that occasion. From that day to this soldiers of high rank have taken interest in the force, and Volunteer colonels are proud to serve under Regulars even of their own rank, having no ambition to command anything bigger than a brigade. At that review the Horse Artillery Troop of the H.A.C. won the admiration of spectators by going past the General at a gallop closely followed by its guns in excellent formation. In the new Volunteer Act, issued a few months later, a clause was inserted exempting the Honourable Artillery Company of London from all its provisions. Notwithstanding this, however, the ancient corps continued to take part with Volunteers at their Easter gatherings for which a fresh scene was chosen in 1864, when 17,000 men went through a series of operations near Guildford under General Pennefather's command. In May of that year the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at a review of 21,743 Volunteers by the Duke of Cambridge in Hyde Park, and two years later they attended an Easter Monday sham fight on Brighton Downs, where 20,000 men marched and manoeuvred in a storm of hail and rain. These trying conditions they endured cheerfully enough, but the march past, in which the Prince of Wales went by at the head of the Honourable Artillery Company as its Captain-General, was somewhat marred by the encroachments of a too curious crowd, in whose presence the Volunteers had little chance of displaying the "soldierlike" qualities that had won praise from General Walpole the previous Easter. Brighton reviews were, in fact, becoming too popular with the holiday-makers, and accordingly a change of scene was determined on for 1867, when 2,000 Regulars joined 20,000 Volunteers in the attack and defence of Dover Castle, while warships, under the command of Captain Commerell, V.C., added novelty and picturesqueness to the spectacle by a bombardment from the bay. After this Portsmouth's turn to be favoured by the Volunteers came. Twenty-eight thousand of them assembled there for their Easter review in 1868, under General Sir George Buller, and a flotilla of ships' pinnaces, steaming up Porchester Creek, joined in an attack on the Portsmouth Heights. To celebrate the tenth year of their revival, Volunteer corps to the total strength of 27,000 men assembled in Windsor Park on June 20, and were there reviewed by the Queen. Railway arrangements were then badly organised, so that many corps found themselves without any commissariat, and under this strain imperfect discipline broke down before all battalions could be got back to their quarters. A wet and stormy Easter Monday at Dover in the following year led to another disagreeable fiasco, and that brought down the wrath of the Commander-in-Chief on regimental officers, whose susceptibilities were a good deal ruffled in consequence. This, however, did not prevent them from taking their corps to Brighton the following Easter, when Volunteers from Yorkshire, Lancashire, Oxford, Cambridge, and the Southern Counties joined in a field day under General Sir Yorke Scarlett. But even then a cloud was obviously gathering, and a year later it assumed a more ominous shape when, after reviewing 25,000 men on Brighton Downs, Sir Hope Grant spoke some honest truths that rankled for a long time, but led in the end to changes that were all for the good of Volunteering. Again, in 1872, the Metropolitan corps mustered strongly for an Easter Review at Brighton, but that was the last of the great gatherings there, and since then Volunteers have devoted much more attention to route marching, brigade drills, and field firing than to spectacular displays, from which neither they nor the officers commanding them can learn much. The marching columns, organised by Colonel Paul Methuen, were perfect in their way. Though these led up to two reviews near Brighton, under Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and others at Portsmouth, the preliminary operations were in each case more interesting and practically useful than the concluding sham fight. Only one great assemblage of metropolitan Volunteers marked the next three years, when, with Militia and Yeomanry to the number of 30,000, they assembled in Hyde Park to be reviewed by the Prince of Wales on July 1, 1876. The Queen's great review at Windsor five years later, when the Crown Prince of Germany saw nearly 60,000 English Volunteers march past, was a memorable event because of the discipline, steadiness, soldierly bearing, and good organisation then displayed. But for these qualities, and the zealous co-operation of railway companies, military authorities would have found it impossible to concentrate so many men in Windsor Great Park and get them away again in a single day. From that time forward, though with no augmentation of numbers, the Volunteers have improved in every detail that tends towards efficiency as soldiers. During the Jubilee celebrations of 1887 28,000 of them defiled past the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and their bearing then won praise from some of the most critical soldiers in Europe. That was the last public appearance of Naval Artillery Volunteers, for whom no place could be found in the newer organisation, though their captain, Sir Allen Young, did all he could to avert the inevitable. A few years later they were disbanded, and, like their predecessors, the River Fencibles of a century ago, they are now nothing more than a tradition. Other corps may follow them and new ones arise in different forms to fill the places thus left vacant, but the great Volunteer movement of which we celebrate the centenary to-day has taken such a firm hold that it bids fair to last so long as England keeps free from conscription.

Books on the Spanish-American War

WHEN the history of the Spanish-American War comes to be written historians will not be able to complain of a lack of material. Here we have books dealing with the war, from the blowing up of the *Maine* to the surrender of Cuba to the United States, and all written by men who took an active share in the campaign. The story of the blowing up of the *Maine*, the personal narrative of Captain Sigsbee (Unwin) is spoilt by its unnecessary length. What he has to say about the explosion itself and the subsequent behaviour of the Spanish authorities is decidedly interesting. His opinion is, naturally, that the cause of the disaster was the explosion of a mine laid at the bottom of the river; in fact, he gives an explanation and a diagram showing how it was possible to sink a mine without anyone, with the exception of those actually engaged in doing it, knowing anything about it. He explains it thus: "The *Maine* was made fast to a fixed buoy in the harbour; as the tide ebbed and flowed she swung round, covering in her swing a complete circle. If, therefore, a mine was lowered from a boat anywhere within the circle the *Maine* must, sooner or later have swung right over it. It would not have been difficult for a covered lighter to carry a mine with an electric wire attached to it, and to sink it as it went slowly along. The wire could be run off from a reel and the end taken on shore, or the boat could be taken some distance from the ship, and at the right moment the connection made and the explosion would take place." Of course, this is all problematical. As to the actual cause of the disaster we are no nearer to the elucidation of the mystery than we were at the conclusion of the sittings of the two Courts of Inquiry. Now, as then, the question we ask ourselves is: If, as the Spanish Court declares, the explosion occurred inside the ship, how is it that the bottom plates were bulged and driven up thirty-four feet in-board? The natural idea would be that if the explosion occurred in-board the plates would have been driven out-board, and *vice versa*.

It is with a sense of relief that we turn from the sad story of the *Maine* to the account, given by Naval Constructor Hobson, of his gallant attempt to "bottle up" the Spanish Fleet in Santiago Harbour by "The Sinking of the *Merrimac*" (Unwin). The majority of English people—and we might with justice say American people—have been somewhat prejudiced against this plucky young officer owing to the hysterical behaviour of some enthusiastic American women. Judging by the modesty with which Lieutenant Hobson tells his story, his reception by these women must have been as distasteful to him as it was ridiculous in the eyes of others.

No modern story of fiction is more exciting than this account of the last voyage of the *Merrimac*. When she let go her anchor and exploded her torpedoes—only two of which went off—and she was being battered by the shells fired from both sides of the narrow entrance to the harbour, the men behaved as coolly as if they were serving the guns or working the engines of their own cruiser. Unfortunately—or fortunately as it was afterwards found—her rudder was shot away, and instead of sinking right across the entrance the stern of the vessel was caught by the current and she sank two-thirds athwart, thus leaving room for a vessel to pass into or out of the harbour. Lieutenant Hobson and his crew surrendered to Admiral Cervera himself, he having come off in his steam launch to pick them up. Almost the first question asked by the Spanish officers was as to how many guns the *Merrimac* carried; when they heard that she was only a collier, and carried no armament whatever, they could hardly believe their ears. It appears that fourteen Spaniards were killed and thirty-seven wounded during what they termed the engagement. It was found eventually that they had been killed by their own guns fired from the forts on the opposite side of the entrance. Not the least interesting part of the book is that which tells of the imprisonment of the American party in Morro Castle and in the barracks of Santiago. Lieutenant Hobson and his crew were treated with great kindness by the Spaniards, and were visited by all the principal officers, from Admiral Cervera downwards; and, says the writer, Mr. Ramsden, the British Consul, could not have been more attentive if they had been his own children. From his prison window Lieutenant Hobson was able to watch the Spanish soldiers at work, and also to see the effect that the American bombardment of Santiago had upon the defenders. He says that the soldiers were lacking in vigour, and looked tired and languid, and the majority of them were suffering from lung troubles and coughs. From a conversation he had on board the *Alcedes*, he gathered that the Spaniards looked upon Cuba as lost from the beginning, and were fighting for tradition and honour only. It is lucky that this was all they were fighting for, for if their hearts had been in the contest the Americans would have had different stories to tell than those told by Mr. Richard Harding Davis in his "Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns" (Heinemann), and Mr. John Black Atkins in his "War in Cuba" (Smith Elder). Both authors agree that the campaign was shockingly mismanaged. The general officers and the commissariat seem to have muddled everything that it was possible to muddle, and the success of the Americans was more due to the fighting qualities of the regulars and to the feeble resistance made by the Spaniards than to the perspicuity and good generalship of the American commanders.

The two authors differ in their opinions in regard to the Guasimas fight, in which the Rough Riders were so badly mauled. Mr. Atkins believes that they were caught in an ambush, whereas Mr. Davis thinks that they were well led and knew exactly what they were to expect. Both agree, however, that the men fought amazingly well under great difficulties. Of the actual fighting there is little to be said. Blunder followed upon blunder. No attempt appears to have been made to learn anything of the country through which the troops had to march. At St. Juan they were marched straight up two narrow lanes which opened out exactly opposite the Spanish guns. There they had to wait and be fired at. To add to their troubles a balloon was sent up from the centre of the troops, with the result that the Spaniards knew exactly where their fire would do the most execution. As we have already suggested, the Spanish defence was so half-hearted that the Americans had a comparatively easy task in taking Cuba, and what difficulties there were were mostly of their own making.

There is not much to choose between the two volumes; both are well worth reading. Mr. Davis's book contains many striking illustrations, and Mr. Atkins's several useful maps.



"MOTHERLESS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. HUNT

"Intimate China"

OF late years many books have been written about China; its past has been described and its future predicted; its scenery and its history have been the subjects of innumerable volumes, but from none of these do we get such a realistic picture of China as it is, the China of the Chinese, as in Mrs. Archibald Little's "Intimate China." This is no product of a hasty scamper through the country, but the outcome of a careful study of the natives in their own homes; her remarks on the characters of the Chinese officials, and the manners and customs of the people are the result of prolonged and close observation. Mrs. Little has travelled far into the interior of China to places where European men, and more particularly European women, are almost unknown. She writes with the greatest contempt of those people whose ideas and opinions on things Chinese are so often quoted at home, and whom she dubs the "twenty-years-in-China-and-don't-speak-a-word-of-the-language-men."

The authoress landed in China in May, 1887, in the middle of the excitement of the tea season, and was not greatly impressed. She writes:—

But here let me record my first great disappointment, because it may be that of many another. Brown mud is the first thing one sees in China. Brown mud accompanies the traveller for many miles along the Yangtse River, all along the Peiho, up to brown and muddy Tientsin, and on up to Peking itself. (China generally is not at all like the willow-pattern plate. I do not know if I really had expected it to be blue and white; but it was a disappointment to find it so very brown and muddy.)

Mrs. Little, with her husband (the author of a clever book entitled "Through the Yangtse Gorges"), made many of their excursions by boat. She tells us that of all travel, boat-travel is the most luxurious. For one thing it is accounted roughing it, but that only means that you do not have to bother about your toilet, but can wear your warmest and most comfortable clothes and your easiest boots. Each traveller is careful to take his favourite chair and comfortable bed, and it is his cook's business to provide the most *recherché* of little repasts whenever wanted.

The authoress waxes enthusiastic about the beauty of the scenery at the Yangtse Gorges:—

The feature of the region, of course, is the precipices. I should guess the precipices at nothing under two thousand feet, and perhaps not more than that; sheer down, as far as I have seen; sometimes dolomite white limestone, which always reminds me of dead men's bones, sometimes weathered a rich yellow-brown. The grandeur and massiveness of the bastions and towers of rock, and overhanging pinnacles and projecting isolated blocks or pillars, standing bolt upright in fine relief against the sky, are not picturesque like the scenery round Méran, not exciting like some of the Alpine scenery in Switzerland, but awe-inspiring and sublime. Then the vegetation is enchanting. Nearly every flower, great, big, glorious butterfly, and brilliantly coloured bird is unknown to me. . . . I am keeping the best to the last. Fancy blue larkspurs, and yellow jasmine, and gorgeous coloured oleanders and begonias, virgin lilies, and yet taller white lilies, and gardenias, and sunflowers, all growing wild and most luxuriantly. . . . These, too, are only the flowers I can name. There are numbers more, and so fragrant! And among them all enormous swallow-tailed butterflies and a very pretty breed of white goats, with dear little kids, disport themselves.

However pleasant the travelling in China may be during the daytime there is always the night to look forward to with dread. In the first place the natives are exceedingly curious, and, secondly, many of the rooms in which travellers have to sleep are, more or less, open to the gaze of all beholders. Mrs. Little writes:—

Once we thought we were going to spend the night, as we always tried to do,

* "Intimate China." By Mrs. Archibald Little. (Hutchinson.)

at a lonely inn, but there was a village just beyond it, and the villagers came over, and were rather troublesome in their curiosity. What was particularly annoying was that our room was only partly boarded over at the top with loose boards; and when we closed the door, all who could rushed up ladders into the rafters to look down, or on to the loose boards above us, staring down at us, and covering us and our dinner with dust. This had to be stopped; so we opened the door again. And I got so tired of the people, I went outside to walk up and down the road in the moonlight. . . . Even in the moonlight, however, a growing crowd followed me, staring and giggling, till impatiently I remonstrated. On which a man slipped forward as spokesman. "We are nothing but mountain people," he said, "and anything like you we have never seen before! So we just want to look." On this it was impossible not to show



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

It is said that while the English nation spreads the virtues of civilisation that with the same hand it scatters the vices broadcast. If gambling be a vice, then there was never a more fertile ground to bestow it than among the natives of India. Of this every racecourse in India is a proof, for not only do Indians of all classes patronise the means of betting which the Turf supplies, but dozens of native bookmakers have discovered that the element of chance which surrounds the success of galloping horses affords a very simple means of earning a livelihood. The Bengalese furnish the most successful bookmaking firms, and as a rule they ply a magnificent trade amongst the lower orders at the various meetings. Their turnover is not large, for the majority of their clients bet in copper pice; but then no native in India is unduly avaricious, and is quite content to make his 50 per cent. in copper. The scene round the boards of these native pencilers is always interesting, as you find gathered there every denomination of native, and countless types of the nondescript foreigners and half-castes with which the lower strata of Indian life now teems. Business is always brisk, though rarely honest, and as often as not ends in scenes which are not altogether unfamiliar on English racecourses. The writer's first experience of one of this fraternity was to find himself in Calcutta face to face with a groom whom he had discharged a few months previously in the provinces for ignorance of his work. He had blundered out into a full-blown bookmaker, and seemed to have inspired his clientele with considerable confidence.

A RACECOURSE SCENE IN INDIA: BENGALESE BOOKMAKERS PLYING THEIR TRADE

one's self off, answering beforehand all the questions I knew they would otherwise ask, on which they laughed merrily, quite delighted. But we really wanted to go to bed some time or other; and so far I had not been able to wash at all except just my face and hands, which, after a long day across mountains, is hardly satisfactory. So now we tried the expedient of being exceedingly polite, and wishing them all good-night. After this had been repeated two or three times, the door being shut after each good-night, the people dispersed, some each time taking the hint and going away. But, alas! it seemed some were going to sleep up above us; and, as there was nothing to prevent their staring down at us much as they liked over the ends of the loose planks, I had to wait till my husband had undressed comfortably by candle-light, and put the candle out, and then, as so often before, go to bed in the dark. Certainly a man has great advantages in travelling.

Of the many annoyances and hindrances to which the English are put in China the authoress has much to say. She gives us an illustration of these, her adventures at the sulphur springs at Wentang and at Chungking. She was threatened, weapons were brandished over her head and, her servants were assaulted, and at other places dirt was thrown at her and her husband, and, she says, they were lucky in not being stoned. She tells us of natives being flogged by order of a magistrate, their only crime being that they were in "foreign employ," and of men being imprisoned for selling land to Europeans. "While that is so," she says—

Whilst the man who allowed Christian services to be held in his house near Wenchow is persecuted; whilst our beautiful hills are all studded round with upright slabs of stone forbidding Europeans to build upon any of the sites sold to them, how can we expect as Englishmen to be respected in China? . . . No people like better to insult other people than the Chinese, in spite of the lovely adjectives Mr. Ralph shows upon them in the pages of *Harper*—"polite, patient, extremely shrewd, well-dressed, graceful, polished, generous, amiable;" while Dr. Morrison, the "Australian in China," talks of their "uniform kindness and hospitality and most charming courtesy," and says again: "Their friendliness is charming; their courtesy and kindness are a constant delight to the traveller." In illustration of all this there were these men in prison at Kiukang and Wenchow. Do people at home realise what was the crime of which they had been accused? Short of the Home Government, it often seems as if the different European communities in China could make themselves more respected, and protect those who dealt fairly by them, with their own right hands. No Government could urge them to do so. But, as even Sir John Walsham used to say, "There are so many things Englishmen might do even in Peking—if they only would not ask me."

In speaking of the difficulties that are put in the way of merchants and shippers at Chungking, where the Consulate is far from the business part of the town; where the Customs House is in one part and the Customs Bank in another part of the city; where there are all sorts of pettifogging rules and regulations regarding the embarking and despatching of merchandise to be obeyed, the authoress says that other nations seem to protect their nationals and those dependent upon them far more vigorously than the British Government does. When two men were murdered at Wustich the village ought to have been razed to the ground. When the Ku-cheng massacre occurred the Viceroy and the Chinese officials, who laughed about it all as they talked with the British officials sent to settle about compensation with them, ought one and all to have been degraded at the very least. The Chinese think that only a slight punishment is a confession of weakness, or an acknowledgment that the offender was not so much to blame after all. Mrs. Little continues:—

Whatever may be said about all these matters, an English subject cannot but be pained on finding how little British Consuls are able to effect in redressing serious grievances, such as inability to buy or rent land in the surrounding country, whereby we were for many years forcibly compelled to live in a Chinese house in a filthy street inside the walls of an overcrowded Chinese city. Let a Frenchman or a Russian be the aggrieved party, and instantly his Consul is on the warpath, and the Chinese have to give way at once. Englishmen have gone on paying *ikhu* illegally, until a Frenchman, backed by his Consul, successfully protested. British steamers are illegally arrested and detained by the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, and no redress is obtainable; when a French steamer is only boycotted by Chinese shippers, an indemnity is immediately claimed and at once paid.

The book is profusely illustrated with capital photographs taken by the authoress, whose camera was her constant companion and the cause of not a few of her troubles. The book is well written, instructive and extremely interesting, and we close its pages with a feeling that we have learnt more of the Chinese people than we should have done from many more learned and voluminous works.



"'Make out this, will you? We are all friends here. There—that line; I can get hold of the sense of the rest of it—or nigh about.' Winefred read—'At eleven o'clock on Thursday night, Heathfield Cross'"

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

CHAPTER III.

A COMMON CHORD

ALMOST before she had recovered her senses, Winefred found herself in a cottage, warm, where a good fire burnt, throwing out waves of yellow light as well as grateful heat, and she was being undressed by her mother and put to bed. She was stupefied, exhausted by her struggle for life.

The thoughts in her head were as straws, leaves, feathers in a swirl of water. She knew not whether what she experienced was a phase of dream or a piece of reality. But when food was forced upon her, and a mug of hot elderberry wine put to her lips, she drew a long breath, rubbed her eyes that were brimming with tears, rain, and sweat, looked about her and asked, "Mother, where am I?"

"With me," answered Jane Marley.

"Where are we both?"

"Captain Job Rattenbury has taken us in," said the woman.

"Enough for you to know at present. Go to sleep and dream away the past."

"Oh, mother, did you really intend to throw me over the cliff?"

"Winefred, I would have cast myself over with you in my arms."

But that is gonebyes. Forget and sleep."

But none can undergo great excitement of brain, tension of nerve, pass through peril of life, and sleep sweetly after it. The brain continues to start, the nerve to quiver, the horror to come back, perhaps in receding waves, yet with imperceptible decline of force. If the girl fell into a doze it was to again spring up and cry out, under the supposition that she was falling, or to battle with hands and feet, as though wrestling once more to preserve life.

The room in which she had been put to bed was on the ground floor. There was a doorway from it communicating with the front kitchen.

After one of these recurring spasms of fear, rousing her to full wakefulness—at the girl's desire, Mrs. Marley left the door partly open between the apartments, so that the firelight might play in at the opening and flicker about the room, and she could hear the murmur of the voices of the speakers, and occasionally catch sight of them as they moved about.

But Winefred was too weary to listen to what they said, and she gradually slipped off into slumber again, once more to rouse with a start, but less terrifying than before, and then again to glide into unconsciousness.

Meanwhile her mother was in the adjoining chamber, and was conversing with the man who was the rescuer of herself and her child.

This man was broad-shouldered, strongly built, with thick tangled grey hair.

He wore, what at the time was unusual, a dense bush of the same grizzled hair covering the lower portion of his face. He had bright, keen eyes under penthouse brows, and a bold, beak-like nose. About his throat was bound a scarlet kerchief. He wore a blue shirt under an unbuttoned, long-flapped, white waistcoat with sleeves. His coat he had laid aside.

The room, as already intimated, constituted at once kitchen and parlour, such as in Yorkshire is termed the "ha'as," but for which elsewhere a designation is wanting. In it the meals were cooked and also eaten, but the preparations previous to cooking, and the washing-up of the dirty plates after, were carried on in the back premises.

Against the wall, in a recess by the fireside, was an ancient press,

quaintly carved, of oak, with brass scutcheons and hinges, but, as though the latter were not deemed of sufficient strength, additional hinges in iron had been added.

On the mantelshelf were skillet, candlesticks, snuffer-tray, a copper mortar, all polished and reflecting the dancing light of the fire. Also a black case that contained gunpowder, there kept to ensure its being dry. Above hung great holster pistols, a pair of cutlasses, and a long Spanish gun.

Suspended against the wall was a framed piece of needlework, representing a cutter in full rig, the wind bellying her white sails, and the sea through which she passed of indigo blue, of uniform colour and hue. Underneath, in rude characters, also formed by the needle, was "The Paycock in Her Pride," and, indeed, in one corner, in the heavens, was a representation of the Bird of Juno, displayed, as the heralds would describe it, that is to say, with tail spread. The whole, though rudely, was effectively executed. There were sundry curiosities distributed about the room—bits of coral, large shells, turning their pink insides towards the fire, a stuffed and mangy eagle, and, under glass, sea-horses and flying-fish. The man, whose name was Job Rattenbury, belonged to a notorious family, and was himself somewhat noted in the neighbourhood. He had been, like his father, so it was reported, a mighty smuggler in his youth; he had, however, been impressed and taken into the navy, but had left it, disappeared for some years, and when he came again into the neighbourhood, it was to the cottage he now lived in, which he bought; he had then married and settled into a life on land. His wife died, and he was left a widower with one son, Jack; but he lived mostly by himself, and took care to have the lad properly educated. The lad was now lodging at Beer, and was studying with the curate. Captain Rattenbury, as he was called,

kept no servant. He cleaned his own house, so that it was beautifully neat and clean, he cooked his own victuals, knitted and darned his own stockings. He was indeed deft with his fingers and a needle, as "The Paycock in Her Pride" testified.

Though living in solitude and quiet, yet Rattenbury was an object of mistrust to the Preventive men, who had a station near by. Much was whispered and fabled, but little authentic known relative to his life and pursuits. It was suspected that he acted as a channel of communication between those who imported contraband goods, and the publicans, farmers and gentlemen, over a considerable area of Dorset and Devon, who desired to purchase wines and spirits without paying to the revenue the dues exacted.

But nothing positive was known on this head.

"I'll tell you what, Jane," said Rattenbury, "You have put the maid dry and warm betwixt the blankets, but you are wringing wet yourself and your teeth chattering. Strip off your bedraggled clothes yourself. Don't you suppose that I have no female tackle here. My missus has been dead these sixteen years, but I have not had an auction over her clothing; don't you suppose that. I'll just light the candle and unlock the press, and you shall have a change."

He took a key from his pocket and opened the wardrobe. He had kindled a tallow candle at the logs that burned on the hearth, and he held this at the open door.

Mrs. Marley saw an assemblage of garments suspended within, none belonging to a man, and of all sorts and materials.

"Will you have a stuff or a silken gown?" he asked, and looked at her.

"But see—suit yourself—there be of all kinds there. They belonged to my wife. She is gone aloft where they dress in gossamer and swansdown. I keep these for Jack's wife, when he is pleased to marry. But the moth plays the deuce with them. Go either where the maiden sleeps or under the stair, where is a berth. Pass me out your streaming rags, and I'll hang them up to dry. By the Lord, you will be crippled with rheumatics if you do not shift at once. There is your child crying out again! I'll take my fiddle. Give a look in on her, and put on dry things. I will play her a tune."

"That will rouse her."

"No it will sooth her. I'll give her no hornpipes, but something soft and slumbrous."

Then he began to hum, "Once I loved a maiden fair." He stood in the midst of the floor, balancing his arms, and dancing his hands to the rhythm of the air.

"That will send her to the Land of Dreams. I would play a lullaby, but I know none."

Thereupon he went to a nail to which was suspended a green buzze bag, and from the bag he drew a violin. He seated himself at the fire and began to play:—

"Once I loved a maiden fair
But she did deceive me;
She with Venus might compare,
If you will believe me.
She was young,
And among
All the maids the sweetest,
Now I say,
Ah! well a day,
Brightest hopes are fleetest!"

As he played the air he hummed the words.

For one so rough, so big, so burly, the execution was marvellously tender and graceful.

He was right. With such a hand on the bow, such melody as this, the trouble of the girl's mind was allayed, as when oil is poured over chafed water. He continued playing, always softly, dreaming himself over this exquisite musical theme, wandering away into changes, as his mind reverted to the one soft and sweet episode of his rude career—the courtship of the woman who had become his wife. And as he played the May sun came out, and the oak was bursting, and he saw meadows in which the purple orchis grew and the delicate "milk maids" fluttered, watercourses over which the marsh marigolds hung their golden chalices, heard the doves coo and the cuckoo call, and looked into the blue heavens of his Mary's eyes and the man's face changed, and his eyes filled—"Now I say—Ah! well a day, Brightest hopes are fleetest!"

Mrs. Marley came out of the inner chamber.

She was vastly changed in appearance. She had washed her face and smoothed her hair, and in a good stuff gown wore a stately appearance. She was certainly a handsome woman still, though tanned by exposure and lined by care. Job winced when he saw a stranger in a dress that had once been worn by his wife, the thought of whom was still playing over him like a breath of violets.

He laid aside his violin.

"That has not kept the girl awake, I warrant."

"No, she has fallen asleep, and there is a smile on her lips."

"I thought so. Sit down, Jane. I will have my pipe and grog, and you shall sip the latter if I cannot win you to have a pull at the first. It will be the most sovereign medicine after the chill. Sit down and tell me all."

"There is nothing to tell."

"There is everything to tell. If I had not chanced to arrive at the right moment, you would have thrown your child into the sea."

"I would have cast myself over the cliffs with her in my arms."

"Why so?"

"Because no one would take us in. I knocked at every door, I told my case in every ear, I appealed to every heart. It was all of no avail; so I knew there was no place for us in the world. We were to be squeezed out of it. Look outside your door and see. Listen to the wind and rain against your window. What sort of a night is this? Not fit for a dog to be out in—yet into it homeless and hungry the widow and fatherless are thrust. Answer me, which were best? To end our miseries with one gasp, or to lie in the wet and whistle of the wind, shiver and die of a November night behind some dripping hedge in a ditch half full of water? There was but a choice of deaths. It was not a picking between life and death. Which would be worst—the short pang or the prolonged wretchedness? Which would you choose if it were to be your lot—the lot of you and Jack?"

"Jack and I are men. Men do not lie down in ditches to die, or chuck themselves over cliffs. If what they desire and need be not given them they take it by main force."

He poured himself out a stiff glass of grog, then recollecting the

woman, gave her some, much diluted, sufficient to drive out the cold and induce sleep.

"Why did you not go to Mrs. Jose at Bindon? Everybody who is in distress seeks her."

"Mrs. Jose is away at Honiton with her sister nursing her. She is sick."

"Whither do you propose to go to-morrow?"

"I have nowhere before me."

"You do not belong to this parish?"

"No, I was not born here. I have not lived here long enough. But, Captain, do not misunderstand me. I ask alms of none; all I require is work to be given me so that I may earn my livelihood, and I will not be separated from my child. See you," her voice softened, and the lines in her face relaxed, as her eyes melted and her lips quivered, "I am a lonely woman. I have neither father nor mother nor sister nor kin. No, nor husband neither. He whom I had has abandoned me; maybe, by this time, has taken up with another woman, and dresses and feeds and comforts her." Again her voice and features became hard. She looked before her into the fire. But then again a wave of softer feeling swept over her.

"For eighteen years," she said, with her eyes on the fire, and speaking rather to herself than to the man, "for eighteen years Winefred has lain at my heart. I fed her from my bosom. When she cried, all the fibres of my being trembled. From me she has the very blood that flows in her veins, and her soul is a part of mine, and her first breath she drew out of my lungs. I have done everything for her. I love nothing, care for nothing, hope for nothing apart from her. I have nothing but my child—no, not a clot of earth, not a brick out of a wall, not a guinea of gold; I have nothing my own but her."

She began to cry, not noisily, but with great tears stealing down her cheeks. Then she was silent.

All at once she burst forth, "Oh! God in heaven, Who has put such love into a mother's heart, Thou alone canst understand me. What if aught should befall me, and she were left alone? She is a handsome girl. I was handsome once, and having no father, no mother to care for me, I came into such sorrow as never was. I cannot endure to think that she—my Winefred, my all—should be kicked about from place to place, friendless, or taken up by such as would only blight her whole life. I had rather that she died." She sprang up and her eye flashed, "Rather than this I would do it again. I will do it again, and not let the evil world swallow up my pretty flower."

"Be still, good woman," said Job, and he spoke with a gulp in his throat. He took up his violin, and played the same air as before.

Presently he laid the instrument on his knees.

"I understand you. You speak as I feel about my Jack. I am a rough old sea-dog, and I have been—I won't say what. But all I have saved is for my Jack. I shall make a gentleman of him. All my thoughts are on my Jack." He touched his breast with the end of his bow. "When you talk like that, Jane, you touch a chord here as begins to chime. You and your kid shall remain here. I am getting old, and require a woman to mind the house. As to the pay—we will talk of that to-morrow."

She caught his hand and kissed it.

"Nay," said he, "don't thank me. It is the fellow-feeling as does it. I am a father with one child, and you a mother also with one—that is it, woman, that is it."

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNDERCLIFF

THE rain and easterly wind ceased towards dawn. When morning broke a haze hung over sea and land that slowly lifted but never wholly vanished, and left the landscape bathed in the wan sunshine of November, the smile of a dying year.

Jane Marley was afoot early, and went to work immediately. She did what was necessary undirected, lighted the fire, made the kettle boil, and had cleared away the untidy remains of the past day's occupation of the room.

When Job Rattenbury came down from his room above and found every preparation made for breakfast, then an expression of satisfaction came over his rugged face.

"Right and fitting," said he. "For myself I do not care, but I must think of Jack. He does not like to see his dad make the fire and clean the boots. He wants to do it himself, and we have had a tussle over it. Jack is obstinate. Says Jack, 'Father, I will not have it. You're not my fag. I'll clean my own boots or wear them dirty all day.' I say, 'There is the difference between us. I was never brought up to be a gentleman, but it is my intent and ambition that you shall be.' And now, Jane Marley, go on as you have begun, and we shall not get across. I'm a rough customer when things go against the grain. You are not one to stand pulling your apron and asking 'Please, what next?' but buckle to work at once. I want Jack to be comfortable when he comes home, and I must provide that there be none of the little awkwardnesses there have been when he refuses to let his old dad make his bed, and sew on his waistcoat buttons, and wash the dishes. Stay here you may, you and the kid, so long as you both conduct yourselves."

But the pact was not concluded till a proviso had been added. "Let this be an understanding between us. You make no advances, and do not aim at becoming aught other than my housekeeper. Because I let you put on her gown last night, that is no reason why I should put you into her shoes. Keep your place, and I am satisfied. Otherwise—there is the door."

Thus the compact was concluded.

As there was nothing that the girl could do, her mother bade her amuse herself. Winefred was therefore able to spend the beautiful day in rambles.

The river Axe sweeps to the sea through a trough that has been scooped out of the superior beds of chalk and cherty sandstone, and cut to the red sand below. But the chalk stands up to right and left in noble cliffs, of which Haven Ball forms the eastern jamb, and White Cliff that to the west. From Haven Ball the coast forms one continuous white precipice above a sea in summer of peacock blue to Lyme Regis.

But, as every tyro in geology knows, the chalk is built up over the green sand, below which are impervious beds of clay. The rains soaking down through the faults in the chalk reaches the argillaceous stratum, and, unable to descend further, forms innumerable land springs such as come forth at the base of most chalk hills. But where the chalk cliffs rise out of the sea, the water converts the gravelly stratum into a quicksand, and that is liable to be carried into the sea, and this causes subsidences, much as if you lie on an air or water bed that has in it a rent out of which rushes that which swelled the mattress.

There had been no sinkages of any importance along this coast within the memory of man. Nevertheless, an observant eye would have noticed that Captain Rattenbury's cottage stood on the undercliff, and was on a lower level than the down, but was nevertheless cut off from the sea by a sheer face of precipice. This undercliff formed an irregular terrace that overhung the sea. It was reached by an easy descent from the down above, and lay sufficiently below it to be sheltered from the north winds. His garden was consequently a warm spot even in midwinter; whenever the sun shone, primroses starred the ground there even at the end of January, and a crane's bill there was never out of flower. The entire undercliff, raised three hundred feet above the sea, had a ruffled and chopped surface, was broken into ridges and depressed into basins, and was densely overgrown with thorns, brambles of gigantic growth, ivy and thickets of elder. About Rattenbury's cottage was a patch that had been cleared, which served as kitchen garden, and a good but small orchard.

Rattenbury occupied himself that languid November day in pruning his apple trees. The cottage was of chalk and flint cobbles, with a brick chimney, and was thatched. It leaned against a face of rock, in a manner that would have ensured damp had not that rock been chalk.

The entire undercliff, except for the clearing about the cottage, was a jungle, not to be threaded with impunity by anyone wearing serge or broadcloth, for the thornbushes were armed with spines of prodigious strength, and the briars threw about their tentacles set with claws to arrest and tear the intruder. The girl wandered about, diving under the arches of the brambles, peering into the thickets of elders, everywhere disturbing countless birds.

After she had rambled to her heart's content, she returned to the cottage, and saw the Captain at his apple trees, knife in hand.

He made a signal to her to approach.

"Look here, maid," said he; "you can bear a letter, I suppose?"

"Where to?"

"To Beer."

"Across the water?"

"Naturally. How else get there?"

"I can go there, certainly. It will not occupy many hours—perhaps two."

"Do you know the Nutalls?—David Nutall?"

"There are several of the name. I do not know David."

"His house lies near where old Starr lived. You know that."

"Yes—well."

"Then take this letter. Mind this. No going from door to door, showing the letter, and asking where lives David Nutall. The letter is to be given into no other hand, and that not outside his house."

Rattenbury considered awhile. Then he said, "It is a private matter, and no notice must be attracted. Get your mother's box with papers of pins and needles, reels and tapes, and go about Beer with that, selling. And when you are at David Nutall's, slip the letter into his hand."

"I will do it."

"And I wish you likewise to find my boy, Jack; he may be at the curate's, he is studying there—that he may be a gentleman. But I want for a bit, tell him, to take him off from his studies—it is a tickle concern, tell him, and he is to go to David Nutall's and take instructions from him. Only, mind you, this. Mum as a mouse. My boy, if he is not at the curate's, will be at his lodgings. No one will think anything of your carrying a message from me to Jack—if they come to know you are staying here. But, to make sure, I will give you a pair of socks I have knitted for him. Do not be a fool—mum as a mouse. I will give you a couple of pence for the ferry."

"Shall I go and speak to mother first?"

"No, I will make it right with her. Go at once."

Winefred started on her errand. She crossed the down, descended the furrow through which the track led to the landing-stage of the ferry on the Axmouth side of the estuary.

Then she called and waved her hand to attract the attention of the boatman.

Olver Dench did not hurry himself to cross and take over a single passenger, and this one whose capability of paying the toll was doubtful. He sauntered down from his cottage, looked along the road to Seaton, up towards Axmouth, saw no one, slowly launched his boat, and came over leisurely and in bad humour. He took the girl on board, but had got half across before he remarked, "I reckon you and your mother crept into a rabbit hole for the night."

"Captain Rattenbury has taken us in."

"Captain Job!"

Dench paused in his rowing.

"For how long?"

"Mother is going to be his housekeeper. We stay there altogether."

Olver turned blood purple. He said no more, but put the girl on shore.

She stepped lustily along. She had taken her mother's box of trifles for sale, which had been left the previous evening at a house in Seaton; she crossed the shoulder of the hill that separates the Axe Valley from the ravine of Beer, a shoulder that rises to the magnificent sea-cliff that is a prominent feature in all views of Seaton.

Then she descended the lane into Beer, a village of one street, shut in between steep hills, running down to a small rock-girt cove. It was a village of fishermen, but every fisherman was suspected of being a smuggler. Those in the place who did not get their living by the sea were quarrymen of the famous Beer stone.

In the main and only street was a house of some pretension and antiquity, that had belonged to the Starr family; hereabouts Winefred began hawking her wares, and as she did so she asked the names of the inmates of the several cottages. After going into

three or four and vending some of her goods, she entered that of David Nutall.

She saw there an old man, wearing a fisherman's jersey and hat, seated by the fireside smoking, whilst a woman was ironing by the window. Two younger men lounged by the fire talking.

Winefred was roughly repulsed by the woman when she opened her box, but the old man put in a word: "Nay, Bessie! Buy a trifle of the maid just to encourage her."

"Are you David Nutall?" asked the girl.

"If I'm not mistaken," he answered.

Winefred drew the letter from her bosom, and put it into his hand.

"What?" he asked quickly. "From the Cap'n?"

The young men at once brightened.

"Yes, from the Captain."

The young men drew round the elder, their father. It was too dark at the hearth for them to read the letter, and the old man rose and went to the window. He studied the letter with knitted brows, but could not make much out of it. He called the lads to him.

"Ah, father," said one, "I can make out what is printed, but not fist-writing."

"Come here," said David, signing to the girl with the letter.

"Can you read what is in writing?"

"To be sure I can."

"Written words, not printed?"

"I can."

"Make out this, will you. We are all friends here. There—that line: I can get hold of the sense of the rest of it—or nigh about."

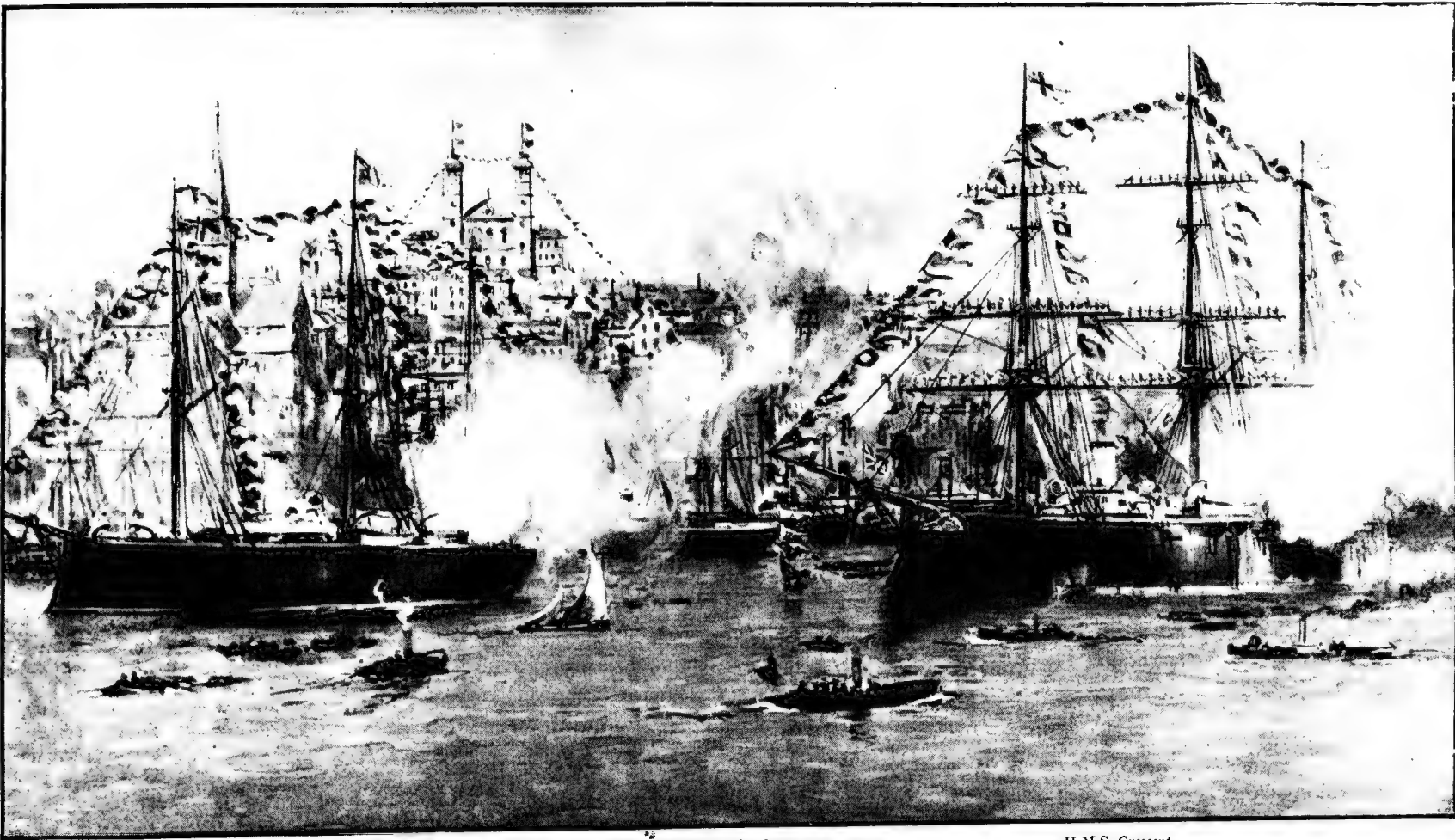
Winefred read—"At eleven o'clock on Thursday night, Heathfield Cross."

Music

THE WEEK AT THE OPERA

THERE seem likely to be some changes during the last few nights of the opera season, which, according to present arrangements will come to an end on the 24th inst. The De Reszkés left a fortnight ago and were preceded by Herr Van Rooy, by Madame Litvinne, and others. They were followed last week by Madame Lilli Lehmann and rather unexpectedly by Herr Van Dyck and Madame Nordica. Most of these artists had a long American tour with Mr. Grau before coming to England, and their voices beyond controversy were not in the freshest condition. It is indeed a question as to the advisability of making the London season practically a continuation of the American tour. It is at any rate certain that under such conditions most of the artists arrive in England with fatigued voices. Fortunately next year M. Jean de Reszké has down to date decided not to go to America, and Madame Melba, who on Saturday made her first appearance for some weeks, has, we understand, settled to remain in Europe during the winter, so that next season we shall probably hear these great artists at their best. Madame Calvé is among the absentees till next year, while Madame Gadske left after the performance of *Tannhäuser* on Tuesday. On Wednesday, however, M. Alvarez was announced to make his reappearance for the first time these two years, playing Roméo to the Juliette of Madame Suzanne Adams, while on the following evening Mlle. Bréval returned from Paris to again sing Valentina in *Les Huguenots*, this, it seems, being one of the few parts in the Covent Garden repertory with which she is familiar. Next Monday is set apart for Mr. Isidore de Lara's *Messalina*, that most probably being the

England to superintend the production in Italian at Covent Garden last Saturday of *La Bohème*. This work is, down to date, his best opera, and, at any rate, it is a good deal better than his setting of the Abbé Prévost's story of "Manon Lescaut." *La Bohème* was originally produced, under Puccini's superintendence, at Covent Garden, in October, 1897, by the Carl Rosa Company, in English, when, however, it clashed with the Birmingham Festival. Thus the opera has never yet had a fair chance, even apart from the fact that in the English presentation some of the performers, and particularly the male artists, did not possess the light touch necessary for so essentially French a work. At Covent Garden, on Saturday, the cast was much stronger, and also the stage management was greatly superior; the scene before the Café Momus, with its choruses of children and adult merry-makers, its processions of the patrol and maskers, being extremely bright and effective. The four quite irresponsible Bohemian friends, are important personages in Henri Mürger's romance, and also in the opera, although to modern playgoers they probably betray a striking resemblance to their prototypes in Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby." But here the resemblance ends, and indeed the principal defect of *La Bohème* is the atmosphere of sadness with which it is permeated, and the sickness of the unhappy Mimi, which ends in the last act in a harrowing death scene. Audiences are never particularly pleased with the Traviata-like coughing of a heroine, nor with the spectacle of a young damsel stretched rigid upon the bed of death. Indeed the comedy scenes of *La Bohème* are by far the most welcome, the more particularly as Signor Ancona as the painter Marcello discovered quite a mercurial vein of humour, while Signor de Lucia was admirable as the poet lover, and the other two Bohemians, unattached, had capital exponents in M. Journet, whose



H.M.S. Buzzard

H.M.S. Columbia

H.M.S. Crescent

FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. HAYWOOD

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

The British cruiser *Comus*, Commodore Giffard, flagship of the fisheries protection squadron in Newfoundland waters, has lately arrived at St. John's from its first visit to the French Treaty shore. The

Queen's birthday was celebrated on June 15, when all the ships of the squadron fired salutes and manned the yards

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN NEWFOUNDLAND: THE FISHERIES PROTECTION SHIPS IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR FIRING A SALUTE

"That will do," said David Nutall, snatching the letter from her. "Tell the Cap'n we shall be there. No more. We shall be there. That is the answer. Take this."

The old man offered her two shillings.

"No," said she, "mother never takes alms. She earns."

"Well, and you have earned this—as carrying a letter."

She held back.

"Mind, child," said the old man, "you hold your tongue about this bit of paper. A word might lose us all."

(To be continued)

SLATIN PASHA.—The work of organising the recent campaign in the Soudan, says *The Golden Penny*, told heavily on the Intelligence Department, of which Wingate was the head, and Slatin Pasha one of the most able officers. It is said that one day the long-suffering Slatin, who had only recently escaped from his twelve years of captivity in the hands of the Mahdi, casually remarked to his chief, in a confidential tone, that he almost wished himself back again among the Dervishes as a prisoner, as when he was "there," at any rate, he was not worked to death. The remark, strangely enough, was overheard, repeated, and eventually published in one of the venomous French papers in Cairo. A copy of the newspaper got into the hands of the Khalifa, being conveyed to him by one of his spies. The worthy took a serious view of the incident, and actually summoned a great meeting of his followers, and read the paragraph to them, pointing out that Slatin was admittedly happy while a fettered slave, which could scarcely be said of his existence under the rule of the English dogs.

only genuine novelty of the present opera season, the production of Delibes' *Le Roi ma dit* being, like that of Goldmark's opera and other works, either postponed or abandoned. *Messalina* was originally produced at Monte Carlo a few months ago, and it deals with some not very commendable adventures of the notorious Roman Empress, and her liaisons with a revolutionary poet and with his brother, a gladiator. For this work Mlle. Heglon arrived last Sunday from Paris to play her original part of the Empress, while the gladiator will fall to M. Alvarez and his brother the poet to M. Renaud.

THE ROYAL REPRESENTATION

Signor Leoncavallo had accepted the invitation of the Queen to superintend the production of his *Pagliacci* at Windsor Castle on Tuesday. For some reason, however, the composer found himself unable to come to England, and accordingly his place as conductor was occupied by Signor Mancinelli. The cast, indeed, of Leoncavallo's opera was by no means so strong as had been anticipated, for Madame Melba relinquished her original character of Nedda, although Signor Ancona played Tonio, Signor de Lucia Canio, and M. Jacques Bars Silvio. This very modern opera was preceded by Adolphe Adams's once famous operetta, *Le Chalet*, which a few years ago was popular here under the title of *Swiss Cottage*, and also as *Betty*, the name of one of its characters. This part at Windsor was allotted to Mlle. Leclerc, while Max fell to M. Plançon, and Daniel to M. Cazeneuve. The Windsor performance will be repeated at the opera to-night (Saturday).

MELBA IN PUCCINI'S "LA BOHÈME"

Signor Puccini was unable to fulfil his promise to come to

apostrophe to the well-worn overcoat he is about to pawn was irresistible; and in M. Gillibert, whose antics with a tablecloth in endeavouring to dance a fandango, convulsed the Princess of Wales, who was one of the occupants of the Royal box.

NOTES AND NEWS

The serial concerts of the season closed on Friday last week with a Patti concert given at the Albert Hall. The distinguished prima donna was in excellent voice, and had a glorious reception from a large audience. She sang "Bel raggio" from *Semiramide*, with Lotti's "Pur dicesti" for an encore, while with Mr. Ben Davies (who replaced Mr. Edward Lloyd) she sang and repeated the Miserere duet from *Il Trovatore*. Lastly she sang and encored Gounod's "Quand tu chantes," and for a final encore gave the inevitable "Home, Sweet Home."

The Promenade Concert season will commence at Queen's Hall on August 26 under the conductorship of Mr. H. J. Wood, and it will last seven weeks. The Promenade season at Covent Garden will start on September 2, and will last four weeks under the conductorship of Mr. Riseley and M. Rivière. The Richter Concerts will commence at Queen's Hall on October 26, and the Queen's Hall Orchestral Concerts will be resumed two days later, these performances, under Mr. Wood, extending to March 10. Mr. Robert Newman likewise announces Wagnerian Concerts commencing on November 13, and some Ysaye Concerts. Herr Dohnányi will give recitals in October, the Sarasate Concerts will commence on November 9, the Ballad Concerts will begin early in November, and the Popular Concerts on November 11.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

LORD WOLSELEY has recently declared that "the time is past for putting the fool of the family into the Army." That is no doubt true, but there is a reverse side to the matter. Commercial pursuits are no longer ostracised by the class from which most officers are drawn. As commerce provides not only more remunerative employment, but offers better prospects of attaining a fortune, most of the intelligent and well-educated young men will choose commerce in preference to the Army. That is inevitable. "The fool of the family" now generally gravitates towards the City, and in the end expiates the consequences of his folly in the Bankruptcy Court together with several of his relations and friends.

The question of pay in the Navy, as well as in the Army, is not now for the first time before the public. In the *Owl*, in 1864, appeared the following short poem:—

A GROAN FROM A GUNBOAT

You spend bank notes,
With lavish votes,
On rams and rifled cannon;
But prattle fudge,
And shillings grudge
To pay your lads that man 'em.

Bear this in mind—
Some day you'll find
'Tis not your hundred-pounder
That will win the fight
For GOD and right,
But the lads that stand around her.

A German soldier was sentenced to be flogged for some offence. Whilst the sentence was being carried out the soldier astonished those who were present by laughing incessantly. When the full punishment had been inflicted, the captain who was in charge asked why Fritz had laughed. "Why, sir, I am the wrong man; you have been flogging all this time the wrong man," replied the soldier. It is to be hoped that the temperament of Captain Dreyfus will enable him to regard the cruel treatment which he has received with somewhat the same unconcern. It is, however, difficult to account for the attitude of the majority of well-educated men and women in France as regards Captain Dreyfus. Even at this stage of the tragedy, in most of the fashionable drawing-rooms in Paris little is heard but abuse of the man who above all others deserves to have their sympathy.

A bad season is closing; a worse season is in prospect in 1900. Next year all the superfluous money will be diverted to Paris,

following day, and then proceeded on his journey to resume his official duties.

Our Portraits

SIR WILLIAM WINDHAM HORNBY, K.C.B., who died of apoplexy when presiding over a meeting at Winchester House, was the son of the Rev. Geoffrey Hornby, Rector of Bury, Lancashire, by the Hon. Georgina, daughter of the fifth Viscount Torrington, and was born in 1812. He was educated at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, and entered the Navy in 1827. He became commander in 1841, and captain in 1849, retiring in 1864 with that rank. He was subsequently promoted on the retired list as follows:—Rear-admiral in 1865, vice-admiral in 1871, and admiral in 1877. He served in the Mediterranean and on the North American stations, and as a midshipman on the *Revenge* in the West Indies during the Jamaica insurrection of 1832, and on the coast of Africa. From 1877 to 1892 he was a Commissioner under the Prisons Act of 1877. On his retirement he was made K.C.B. on the Queen's birthday in 1892. Sir Windham Hornby was a D.L. and J.P. for Lancashire and Middlesex. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Sir William Henry Flower, who resigned the position of director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum owing to failing health last year, was born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1831. On leaving College he joined the Army Medical Staff, and served through the Crimean War as assistant surgeon to the 63rd Regiment; he received the Turkish medal, with clasps for Alma, Inkerman, Balaklava, and Sebastopol. Retiring from the Army, he became Assistant-Surgeon and Demonstrator in Anatomy at the Middlesex Hospital, and was appointed later to the curatorship of the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. He was made Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in 1869, and succeeded Professor Owen in 1884 as director of the Natural History Museum. Sir William Flower was a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1864, and at various times he acted as president of the British Association, the Zoological Society, and the Anthropological Institute. He was knighted in 1892. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Mr. R. G. Webster, M.P., who has just resigned his seat for East St. Pancras in order to devote himself to private work, only defeated Mr. Costelloe at the last election by a small majority, so

He is a barrister-at-law, and commenced his military career in 1870, when he joined the 71st Battalion as a bugler. After passing through the various ranks of corporal, sergeant, &c., he was appointed ensign in the same battalion. In 1875, on removing to St. John, he was gazetted ensign in the 62nd Battalion "St. John Fusiliers;" promoted captain May 5, 1876; appointed adjutant January 16, 1877; promoted major October 2, 1885; and lieutenant-colonel commanding September 2, 1897. In 1878, when a war with Russia was imminent, Captain McLean raised a company of 100 men for active service in the field and forwarded his application to the Government. For many years Lieutenant-Colonel McLean has taken an active part in promoting rifle shooting, and has regularly attended the Provincial rifle matches as a competitor. His selection as commandant of the Bisley Team, 1899, has given great satisfaction in all quarters, his military experience and social qualities eminently fitting him for the command. Our portrait is from a photograph by Harold Climo, St. John, N.B.

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE arrangements are far advanced for the proper establishment of the late Lord Leighton's house as an open museum for the public. A strong committee, on which figure several Academicians and officials of the South Kensington district, have nearly completed the duties which as founders they assumed. The ground landlord is sympathetic, the friends of Lord Leighton are generous, sagacious, and enthusiastic, and the Prince of Wales has taken a substantial interest in the success of the work. The result will be—nay, it is—an extraordinary assemblage in a beautiful museum of the works of the man who was, probably, the most correct and perfect draughtsman that England has produced. As an academic school of drawing it surpasses nearly everything we have in the country, and it is arranged with a completeness, a taste, and an artistic appreciation that ensure as much the pleasure of the visitor as the grateful admiration of the student. Those who, like myself, were constant visitors to the studios when their owner was blithely at work in them, cannot but feel a glow of satisfaction at the sight of the manner in which they have been consecrated to his memory and to the work in which he took so much pride; and none will doubt, or has a right to doubt, that here is a monument that would have been most pleasing to himself, not so much for his own glory as for the service



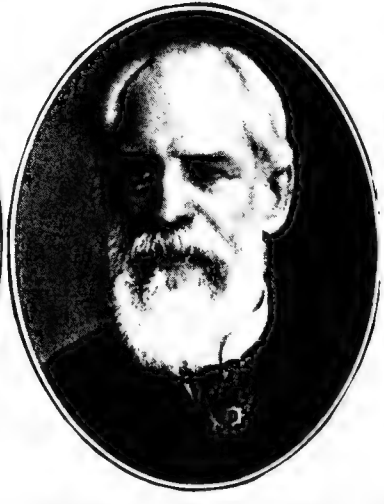
THE LATE MR. THACKRAY BUNCE
Formerly Editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*



LIEUT.-COLONEL HUGH McLEAN
Commanding the Canadian Team at Bisley



MR. R. G. WEBSTER, M.P.
Who has just Resigned his Seat for East St. Pancras



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM FLOWER
Formerly Director of the Natural History Museum



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR WINDHAM HORNBY

when the great exhibition will be open. The tradesmen, who grumble now, will have much more cause to do so then, for every available shilling will be saved to be spent on the inevitable excursion. It is curious that exhibitions do not prosper in England, and it is to be regretted, for they bring money into the country. The first exhibition in Hyde Park was eminently successful, but since then few have paid even their expenses. Some explanation should be forthcoming to this problem—to wit, why is it that exhibitions are successful on the Continent and are the reverse in England?

As the time approaches for the race for the *America Cup* to be run, fears are being expressed on all sides that the event may lead to unfortunate consequences. There are so many agencies in the United States which exercise influence, and many of them cannot be controlled in the least by the better class of public opinion. It is to be hoped that, whatever may occur, Sir Thomas Lipton will be governed by the best advice, and will be exceptionally discreet. In those quarters where yachting matters are combined with a lively interest in current politics much interest is attached to the subject of the advisers whom Sir Thomas Lipton will take with him to the United States. The public in general will soon display quite as much anxiety to know their names.

The committee of the Portland Club, which is revising the laws of whist, may soon be expected to publish the new regulations. It is six-and-thirty years since the late Duke of Beaufort, acting as chairman of the last—which, by the way, was the first—Portland Club revising committee, promulgated the regulations which have lasted until the present day. The introduction of "Bridge," however, has swept short whist into the past, and this being so, it was inevitable that the rules should be amended to meet the requirements of the new situation. When the regulations are published a storm may be expected, for the older generation still take their whist very seriously, and will assuredly resent the necessary innovations and alterations.

How seriously our ancestors regarded whist may be judged by the following story. A Lord Granville who lived earlier in this century, and was British Ambassador in Paris, was about to start for his post. His coach and four had been ordered to call for him at Graham's at four in the afternoon. At ten in the evening it was still waiting. Orders were sent out for the postilions to change horses, and similar instructions were three times given during the night! The Ambassador finished playing in the course of the

the result of the new contest will be awaited with some anxiety. Mr. Webster has written the following letter to the president of the Conservative Association at East St. Pancras:—"3, Elm Court, Temple, E.C., July 1, 1899.—Dear Mr. Barnes,—I write to inform you that I have to-day applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, as I propose at present to retire from Parliament to resume the legal and literary work I gave up on entering the House of Commons in 1886. Let me assure you that I shall always look back with pleasure to the thirteen years I have had the honour of representing East St. Pancras in the House of Commons. That, at any rate, will never fade from my memory. It has been my endeavour to spare no effort to support the Unionist cause not only in Parliament, but also in many other parts of the country, and I sincerely hope that the constituency may remain true to the Unionist cause.—I remain, very truly yours, R. Grant Webster." It is understood that the Unionist candidate for the vacancy will be Mr. Wrightson, who was formerly member for Stockton, and was defeated by Mr. J. Samuel (Home Ruler) at the last election. Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons.

Mr. John Thackray Bunce, who for more than thirty-six years edited the *Birmingham Daily Post*, was seventy-one years of age. He retired from active editorship at the end of last year, but to the last retained an interest in the affairs of the paper. The whole of his working life was spent in connection with the press of Birmingham. From an obscure, purely local, journal he raised the *Birmingham Post* to its present prominent position. Indeed the all-powerful influence of the paper was so considerable that it has always been acknowledged that in their ready acceptance of the bold schemes of local advancement and enterprise the citizens of Birmingham were almost entirely guided by the opinions expressed by the late editor in the leading columns of his paper. For many years Mr. Bunce was one of the co-opted extra-elective members of the Free Libraries, Museums, and Art Gallery and Art Schools Committees of the City Council. He was a trustee of Mason College, a Governor of King Edward's Schools and a member of the committee which is now engaged in the task of organizing the new Midland University. Mr. Bunce was the historian of the Corporation of Birmingham and wrote the "Life of Sir Josiah Mason," the "History of the Birmingham Musical Festival," and edited Hall's "Life of David Cox." Our portrait is from a photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh H. McLean was born on March 22, 1854, and has had a long and active connection with the militia.

of that side of art which he devoted his life to upholding, but which a hasty generation has shown increasing disposition to neglect.

There is unusual appropriateness in this year's distribution of the Civil List Pensions, although when the claims of so many may fairly be considered, the selection of two or three is unavoidably invidious. No one can doubt the excellence of the award to the widow of Mr. Harry Bates—one of those sculptors who was a fine artist, thinking more of his productions than of the money they brought him. There is a lack of the true principles of political economy, no doubt, in such a view of life's duties; but on the other hand it is this spirit that brings forth works that may have real claim to immortality. The award to Mr. Edward Dalziel is more significant than the present generation is likely, perhaps, to realize; for in the day when he worked and laid the foundations of an honourable poverty, the wood-engraver was often a great publisher, a sort of Private Department that unofficially "encouraged" literature and art, especially art. It would be difficult to say how many wealthy artists of the present day owe to "the Dalziels" their early success in life; and still more difficult to say how vast an improvement in the public taste, and how great the public pleasure, that have resulted from their exertions. Finally, art criticism is recognised in the small grant which has been made to the widow of Mr. Gleeson White "in consideration of the services rendered to art by her late husband." Even more than the public, artists appreciated the value of Gleeson White's help and direction, his loyalty and devotion to art. That these services should have been rewarded by Government is eminently cause for congratulation.

There has just left this country Monsieur Armand Dayot, the distinguished "Inspecteur des Beaux Arts" of France, sent hither by his Government to report on the works of French art to be found in England. He has been astonished at the result. The numerous pilgrimages, he tells me, that he has made throughout the collections of England prove to him that from Clouet to Millet and Daumier the French school of painting is marvellously well represented here, so much so, indeed, that an incomparably fine book might be written on the history of French art, exclusively illustrated, both by pen and picture, from the works that England holds. Upon such a work he is actually encouraged to enter without delay.

THE GRAPHIC AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.—The Results of this Competition, together with the prize and selected photographs, will be published in the issues of THE GRAPHIC for August 5, 12, and 19.

The Crown Prince of Montenegro and His Bride-Elect

NOWHERE are Prince and people more closely united than in Montenegro, where the old-world style of patriarchal government still prevails. The serious illness of the Crown Prince, therefore, is felt as a national grief, especially as it puts off his marriage with Princess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, to which the Black Mountaineers looked forward so eagerly. For two years past the Prince has been suffering until a recent operation promised a permanent cure. Now, however, he must undergo further treatment, so the wedding—fixed for July 27—is postponed indefinitely. Prince Danilo Alexander, though heir to the throne, has been in no hurry to marry, for he is twenty-eight years old, and has seen four of his sisters marry before him. He comes third among the nine children of Prince Nicholas and Princess Militza of Montenegro, having six sisters and two brothers, while his name Danilo recalls two of his most famous ancestors. The founder of the present dynasty was a Danilo—the first hereditary *Vladika*, or Prince-Bishop, of the Black Mountain two centuries ago, while the first Sovereign Prince of Montenegro was also a Danilo—uncle and predecessor of the present reigning Prince. During his father's frequent absences from the country Prince Danilo has had some experience of government, having acted as Regent. The Montenegrin Princely family are noted for their good looks, and Prince Danilo is no exception, showing to great advantage in the picturesque national costume, with its white shirt and tunic, rich Oriental sleeveless jacket, and red waistband stuck with weapons. Every Montenegrin is a born soldier, but Prince Danilo holds a commission in a Russian regiment as well, being colonel of the 15th Rifle Regiment. Indeed, he has spent a good deal of time in Russia, and it was at St. Petersburg that he first met his future bride, Princess Jutta. The Princess was then spending the New Year of 1898 at the Russian Court under the chaperonage of her cousin, Princess Albert of Saxe-Altenburg, and was very much admired. No engagement, however, took place till later on, the betrothal being formally announced at Cetinje in April last. Princess Jutta is almost as well known at the English Court as her eldest sister, Princess Marie, who was married at Kew last month. The sisters, indeed, have always been devoted companions, sharing all studies and pleasures, and being frequently together in

England under the wing of their grandmother, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Princess Jutta is just nineteen, and is the younger daughter and second child of the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She is devoted to Prince Danilo, and has shocked the rigid Protestants of her own country by deciding to enter the Greek Church in order that she may be of the same faith as her husband.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO AND HIS BRIDE-ELECT, PRINCESS JUTTA OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ

Are We to Lose South Africa?

QUITE the most noticeable article in the *Nineteenth Century* is Sir Sidney Shippard's outspoken defence of Sir Alfred Milner. It is not often that one hears such weighty and outspoken words with all the authority behind them of an able administrator who has had long and intimate experience of South African problems and politics. Sentimentalists at home who know the Transvaal only on a map, and ignoramuses who talk with a sublime conviction the politics of their favourite newspaper, these have all had their say, and now comes one who has given some of the best years of his life to consolidating the Empire, saying with no uncertain voice that vacillation at this juncture spells ruin.

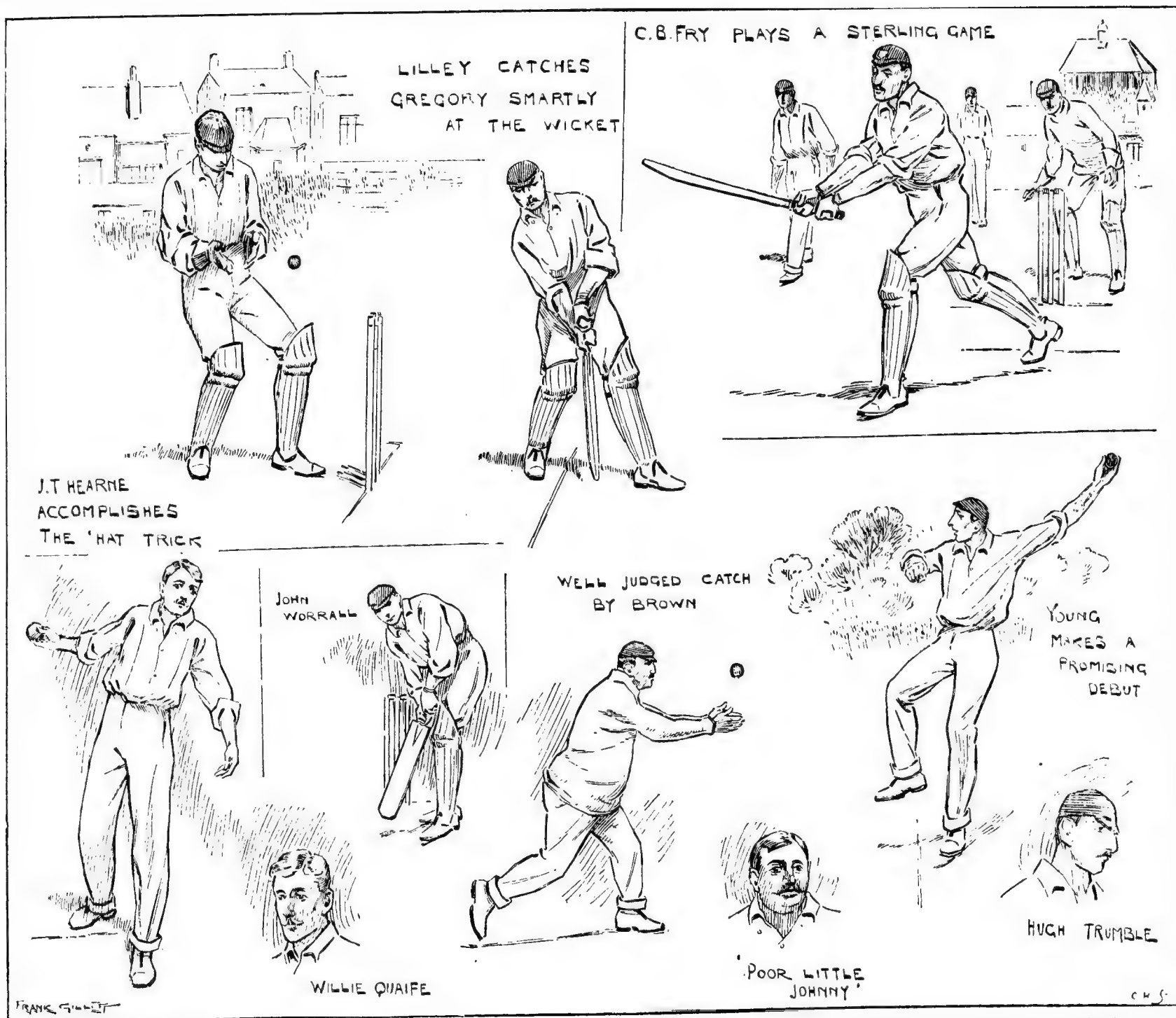
Both the Orange Free State and the Transvaal enjoy a certain measure of internal independence by virtue of conventions with Great Britain, the Sovereign Power of South Africa, but it is none the less true that both these States are in a certain sense still under a British Protectorate. Such independence as they possess is in reality based on British naval supremacy; the whole of South Africa lying at the mercy of the strongest navy.

There can be no doubt as to the magnitude of the present crisis. We are at the parting of the ways, and if we take the wrong way we may lose South Africa. If we lose South Africa we shall inevitably lose India, and therewith our whole Colonial Empire. The question for England is one of life or death.

As to the present state of affairs in the Transvaal, Sir Sidney Shippard makes out an indictment beside which that of Sir Alfred Milner is mild. In that country, he writes, the words of "Rule Britannia" are a mockery:—

For there Britons are slaves to all intents and purposes. They may be robbed, beaten, imprisoned, or murdered; their women may be grossly insulted; their houses may be broken into at any hour of the day or night by a ruffianly police, who are a terror to the peaceable and worse than useless against criminals; and if the unfortunate British householder remonstrates he may be shot dead in his own room. The wretched Englishman in the Transvaal has no civil rights, no protection from the law courts; in his case the verdicts of a Boer jury are a mere farce; he is unarmed and helpless—an object of derision to his enemies.

At last, in despair, says the writer, he has appealed to his Queen, and is he to be told that England can do nothing for him, but casts him off utterly? Sir Alfred Milner's demands ought to be taken as the irreducible minimum below which Her Majesty's Government cannot now go without dishonour. It is worth while remembering that the Pretoria Government first invited the Uitlanders to come and settle in the country in order to develop it, on terms which were then satisfactory. Only in later days did the Republic proceed to pass a series of laws "calculated to reduce the Uitlanders to the status of helots, and the so-called Republic itself to a kind of government only fit for a comic opera."



On the first day of the third test match at Leeds the game began well for the Englishmen, the Colonials being dismissed in three hours for 172—and their opponents scoring 119 for the loss of four batsmen. On the second day the English team were scarcely less successful. The Middlesex bowler Hearne performed the hat

trick, dismissing Hill, Gregory, and Noble with three successive balls, while England had only 158 runs to get to win at the close of the day with nine wickets to fall, Briggs being incapacitated by illness. On Saturday the weather was so rainy that all play had to be abandoned, and the match ended in a draw

ENGLAND VERSUS AUSTRALIA: SKETCHES AT THE THIRD TEST MATCH AT LEEDS

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL DESTÉZ

The representatives of the newspapers at the last moment were almost outwitted by the authorities at Rennes, who, finding that they kept watch at one particular gate of the prison, arranged to distract their attention by sending vehicles clattering towards another gate. While the carriage containing Dreyfus was rapidly driven to the first entrance. There was a double stampede, but the gates of the prison were not

opened quickly enough to prevent the journalists witnessing the arrival. As soon as they were seen coming back round the corner, the gendarmes surrounding the carriage rushed towards them with their carbines in the air to scare them away

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: JOURNALISTS AT FAULT



Despite the weather this show, one of the largest shows of dogs yet held, was a pronounced success. The great attraction on the closing day was the judging of entries in the national dog class, over twenty countries being represented by animals typical of the national breeds. Each dog was compelled to wear the colours of its country. The last classes to be judged were those of animals owned by children, quite a new departure in connection with the show.

THE LADIES' SUMMER SHOW OF DOGS AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS

DRAWN BY A. B. SALMON

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"THE WEATHER-HEN"

I AM not sure whether the modern school of dramatists set any store by the once generally accepted doctrine that the setting forth of the story of a play demands, above all things, harmony of treatment; but there is certainly a conspicuous lack of this once cherished quality in Messrs. Bertie Thomas and Granville Barker's play, *The Weather-hen*, brought out last week at a matinée at TERRI's Theatre. The title of this curious piece seems to promise a farcical story—at least it has done so since the authors explained that "the Weather-hen" is their way of saying that their heroine is a female weathercock. Yet the opening of the story gives promise of serious interest. There are few situations more pathetic than that of a sensitive young wife who has made the discovery that she has linked herself for life with a thoroughly worthless husband; and this is the position of things when the curtain rises upon Messrs. Thomas and Barker's comedy. Mrs. Marvel Prior, a rising young actress, has thrown up an engagement and also a poor lover and professional comrade, James Ferguson, to marry a vain, egotistical dramatic author, who is openly unfaithful to her, and treats her with studied neglect and indifference. The part of the wife is played with much truth, simplicity, and force by Miss Maude McIntosh, who depicts her as a proud and sensitive woman painfully conscious of her humiliation and cruelly distressed by the necessity that she feels of concealing her domestic troubles from the world, till driven to desperation she consents to elope with a love-sick boy for whom she has no real affection. The situation is really a touching one, and the interest deepens when Ferguson, who is a strange, moody creature, appears upon the scene to point out to his quondam mistress that, although her husband is ostentatiously indifferent to her conduct, she has no excuse for ruining the career of a foolish lad. But from this point the tone of the piece suddenly changes to that of farce. Apprised by Ferguson of what is going on, the parents of her juvenile admirer, Richard Patten, arrive before the fugitives at the cottage at Staines which is the rendezvous of the lovers, and speedily frustrate the elopement project by plying their foolish son with champagne, which is rather arbitrarily supposed to be possessed of the disenchanting influences of Oberon's magic herb. Meanwhile the fateful Ferguson is still hovering about to point the moral of the situation. He is the chorus of the drama ever at hand to proclaim the situation in all its bearings. She is "drifting," he says, back to the home of her worthless husband, and he is right. Back to her home she comes, where, after enduring the crowning humiliation of offering Ferguson to resume their former relations and finding her advances rejected, she determines to resume her old position as an actress. Ferguson has exhorted her all along to "stand alone"—as the only way of being "strong"—a maxim in which we find an unmistakable echo of Dr. Ibsen's *Enemy of the People*, and this is the final word of this strange play. It will be seen that in this *dénouement* we have got back once more to the region of serious drama; but meanwhile Mrs. Prior has hopelessly forfeited the sympathy which she had awakened in the first act. Possibly the authors meant to give some indications of *la girouette* in the opening passages; if so—though I am reluctant to hint defects in what was in itself a very remarkable piece of acting—Miss McIntosh certainly failed to realise their intentions. Rarely, nevertheless, has what is known as "a trial matinée" been supported by so efficient a cast. Mr. Cooper Cliffe's portrait of the contemptible husband was full of artistic touches. Curiously impressive, too, was the restless eagerness of Mr. G. R. Foss's James Ferguson. If we could only have known what "he was driving at," as folk say, the performance might have interested us more; but the authors have caught that trick of the vague which is just now much in fashion. The foolishly amorous lad, Patten Junior, was very cleverly played by Mr. Graham Browne, and some less conspicuous, but not unimportant parts, were very ably rendered by Miss Mary Rorke, Mr. Charles Rock, Mr. Fred Thorne, Mr. A. B. Tapping, and Miss Elizabeth Kirby. It would be unjust to the authors not to add that their dialogue is sprightly and fresh, their character sketches wholly free

from stage convention, and their situations often strongly dramatic. It is something to have escaped for once from the obtrusive insincerities of "stage-land;" and this is really the chief reason why *The Weather-hen*, in spite of all shortcomings, interested the audience.



THE SOUTH END

Those who have not yet seen *Robespierre* at the LYCEUM have now not much time to lose. M. Sardou's play was performed for the seventieth night on Monday last, and the run, in accordance with the original announcements, must terminate at the end of the present month, when the company will go on tour in this country



THE FRONT AS SEEN FROM WIMBLEDON COMMON

preparatory to a still more extensive tour in the United States, whence they will not return till the spring of next year. It should be noted that to-day, and on Saturday next as well, as on Wednesday next, *Robespierre* will be played in the afternoon only. Mr. R. G. Westmacott, the acting manager, further informs us that although *Robespierre* will constitute the principal item during the company's travels at home and abroad, Sir Henry Irving will also find occasion to present *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Bells*, *Narrative of the Life of Oliver Twist*, *The Amber Heart*, and *Waterloo*.

M. Coquelin has continued his performances in *Cyrano de Bergerac* throughout the present week, with the exception of Wednesday afternoon, when Jules Sandeau's pretty comedy *Mlle. de la Seiglière* took its place. Next week will witness more variety in the ADELPHI bill. The last appearance here of this famous comedian and the PORTE St. MARTIN company will take place on Saturday afternoon next (15th inst.), when *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* and *La Joie fait Peur* will be given.

Another American company, consisting of seventy-five persons all told, is now on its way to our shores. It is the troupe widely known in the United States as that of Mr. De Wolf Hopper. They will take up their abode at the LYRIC Theatre, where they will produce, if all goes well, on Monday next, Mr. Sousa's comic opera *El Capitán*, which is said to have been already played on the other side of the Atlantic more than twelve hundred times. The prompter's services will presumptively not be needed on Monday next.

In the revival of *King John* at HER MAJESTY'S, which, as already noted, will take place after the summer vacation—that is probably in September—Mr. Tree will play the King, Mr. Lewis Walker Falconbridge, Miss Julia Neilson Constance, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) Elinor, Mr. Louis Calvert Pandolph, and Mr. Mollison Philip of France. It will be observed that Mrs. Tree has no place in the cast.

Mr. F. A. Morton's musical comedy, *San Foy*, is stated on the excellent authority of Mr. George Edwardes, to be likely to be brought out about the middle of September—not at DALY'S, as originally supposed, but at the PRINCE OF WALES'S. It is in September also that the American drama, entitled *The Ghetto*, an adaptation from the German, will be brought out at the COMEDY Theatre. The scene is laid in Amsterdam. Mr. Kyrle Bellew will play the hero, Raphael, son of the blind Jew Sachel, and Mrs. Brown Potter the heroine, Rosa, a Christian servant of Sachel. The great scene of the last act passes in front of the Synagogue in Amsterdam.

The New Buildings of the King's College School

THE new buildings of King's College School were to be opened by the Duke of Cambridge on Thursday. The extension consists on the ground floor of six new class rooms, each 24ft. by 17ft. and 12ft. in height. These open off a spacious corridor 7ft. wide, and are connected by a still wider corridor with the old school buildings. On the upper floor is the great hall, which measures 84ft. by 42ft., and which has a height of about 30ft. This is one of the largest school halls in England. It is covered with an ornamented open timber roof. The walls are of red brick, which give a warm appearance, the roof being stained a dark colour. There will eventually be a gallery across the entrance end of the hall. The exterior of the building is faced with red bricks; the traceried and mullioned windows are executed in Corsham Down stone. Special attention has been paid to the heating and ventilation of the building so as to bring it up to modern requirements. Fresh warmed air is introduced over ventilating radiators, and is drawn from each class room through an air trunk in the corridor floor into a heated main upcast flue. A continuous stream of warm air is thus continually passing through the class-rooms, which have have an equable temperature throughout. In the flanking towers to the front are the staircases to the great hall, and the upper parts are used as record rooms for the school archives.

The works have been carried out from the designs and under the superintendence of Professor Bannister Fletcher and Mr. Bannister E. Fletcher. The buildings already completed form the central feature of the complete design, which provides for more class-rooms and a dining hall. The frontage of the complete buildings will be over 360ft., and facing full on to Wimbledon Common. In addition to the new buildings already described there have been erected on the school grounds large science laboratories, and a lecture-room, and also a large gymnasium thoroughly well equipped.



THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY



THE GYMNASIUM

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

How do you like April in July? For my own part I cannot say that I hanker after it. No doubt rain is wanted, and it is good for the country. Indeed, I have rarely met with anything that is disagreeable but that somebody says it "is good for the country." But really in this month we look for real summer weather, and when we find July disguised as April we are apt to regard it as somewhat of a failure. Of course it is natural that Henley week—like the opening of Vauxhall Gardens in the days of our ancestors—should bring forth wet weather, but if one happens to be in town instead of at Henley—if one experiences the inclemency of its weather, without its regatta—one is scarcely likely to grow enthusiastic on the subject. If you are at Henley, and in boating clothes, you can look with tolerable equanimity on unlimited showers, and directly they are over you can come up to time again smiling. It is not so in town, and however Tapleyan may be your constitution, I will defy anyone to be jolly under the circumstances. Can anyone be happy when his tightly buttoned frock-coat glistens with rain? Can anyone be supposed to take a reasonable view of anything when his stiffly starched collar resolves itself into blotting paper, when his smart curly-brimmed hat is out of curl, when his artfully creased trousers become baggy and crinkled, and when four distinct rivulets of black dye run from his forehead on to his white waistcoat? But this has been the case with many of us lately. July is never tired of playing its practical jokes upon us. With its blue skies and brilliant sunshine, it lures us into open spots. Then it suddenly retires, and April takes its place, and sends us home sorry and splashed, dismal and dripping. But perchance, by the time these lines appear in print, the Clerk of the Weather may be less jocose, and we may be revelling in real July.

Possibly it may be this mixture of the months that accounts for all the house-painting going on in London just now. Usually this takes place, along with that other horror, spring-cleaning in April, but this year the brethren of the brush, the lads of the ladder, the purveyors of pink priming, are hard at work in all directions. I know they have taken my house in hand, and I am entertained early in the morning by comic songs and shouting from Bill on the roof to Tom in the street. I am startled by apparitions at the windows in front and knockings at the windows at the back. I am continually alarmed by men doing difficult feats of gymnastics with ropes, ladders, and scaffoldings.

They laugh and they whistle and chatter.
They paint and they varnish and size,
They thump, and they wrangle and clatter,
And drive away sleep from my eyes.
They make me as mad as a hatter,
And cause me quite early to rise!

Which, perhaps, after all, is a good thing. But for all that, if the painting must be done, and I suppose it must, I would much prefer it being accomplished a couple of months earlier. I see, however, here are plenty of people in the same plight as myself.

Now that the great stations of Charing Cross, Victoria and Waterloo are likely to be enlarged it is to be hoped that due attention will be given to the improvement of waiting-rooms. In most of our principal termini this matter scarcely receives that attention it demands, and the accommodation afforded to the public in this respect is scarcely so good as it should be. What a dismal apartment is the average waiting-room! It generally reminds you of the forsaken board-room of a bankrupt insurance company. It is too hot in summer and too cold in winter. It is often badly lit, its ornamentation is depressing, its seats are hard, and there is but little suspicion of comfort to be found within it. There is no reason whatever why this should be the case. If the walls were hung with pictures, there would be a fine field for the exhibition and sale of the works of rising artists, and the company instead of being for decoration would receive a commission on the sales. If the idea were properly organised there would be an enormous opportunity for selling pictures throughout the waiting-rooms of the land. There are plenty of other improvements that might be made in these places when the directors have time to give their attention to the subject. They might also do something for the casual platforms and give people who are wearily waiting for a train—which is usually late—something more comfortable to sit on than battered milk-cans, lamp trolleys, and luggage trucks.

It seems to me that the arboriculturalists of London are somewhat slackening their efforts. In my strolchings about town I continually find places where there is plenty of space for trees, and where green foliage would be an agreeable relief to the surrounding monotony. A notable spot for such improvement might be found in the arid paved triangular island opposite the National Portrait Gallery. There is plenty of space here for a dozen trees, and, seeing the success of the planes in the Charing Cross Road, such a plantation would soon become an ornament to the neighbourhood. This idea has been to a certain extent carried out on the island opposite Green Street hard by, so there should be no difficulty in establishing it in the quarter already indicated. If foliage were supplemented by a fountain a dreary bit of drab pavement would soon be converted into a mighty pleasant oasis. I should also like to see trees planted on the Bystander Lawns in front of the National Gallery, for they would serve to break up the somewhat formal lines of that much-abused building, and it would be an undoubted advantage if one tree could be planted on every slip shelter throughout London. There is no reason why this should not be done, for it would not only add considerably to the picturesque quality of our streets, but would cast a grateful shade over the roadway in summer time.

A Polo Trophy



THE silver polo trophy here shown, is one of four just modelled for the London Polo Club, for its inaugural competition between military and civilian teams this year. The match was held at the Crystal Palace on the 22nd ult., and won by the military team, who have each been presented with one of these models. The trophies were designed and modelled by Her Majesty's silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

The Albert Memorial College Museum and Library

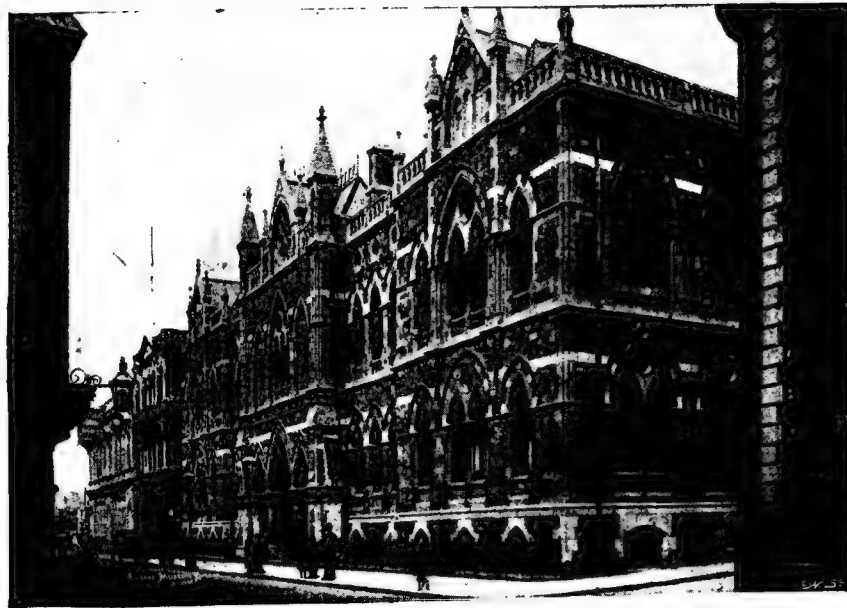
THE Albert Memorial College at Exeter, the new wing of which has just been formally opened by the Duke of York, had its inception in 1862, and the foundation-stone was laid in 1865.

In 1868 the first part of the building was completed, and in 1870 the original design was completed, the building being subsequently transferred to the City. The work of the library since that date has grown steadily, new specimens have been added to the museum, the school of art has prospered and the science school acquired more and more importance. In 1882 funds were raised for the extension of the building. In 1887 the Jubilee was celebrated by planning another substantial addition to the extent and usefulness of the building, while the second Jubilee furnished another opportunity for a splendid and much needed addition for the work of the College, which all this time had been increasing so rapidly, what with science and art classes, technical education, University Extension Lectures, and the like, that it had periodically outgrown the walls of the original building.

The new addition, begun in 1893, contains a room for the College secretaries; one for the general use of the staff; another for the students, who had hitherto possessed no reading-room apart from the Public Library; a room for drawing and painting from the life; four good class-rooms; and an excellent Physical Laboratory, with an apparatus room and dark room. The difficulties of the site have been most skillfully avoided by the architects, Messrs. Tait and Harvey, and it is not easy to see how better use could have been made of the limited space available.



MR. A. W. CLAYDON, M.A.
Principal of the College



THE MAIN FRONT OF THE ALBERT MEMORIAL COLLEGE IN QUEEN STREET

The whole fabric has cost upwards of 35,000*l.*, its construction has spread over thirty-eight years, and it now contains the school of art, from which it sprung, a well-arranged and well-stocked museum, an excellent library, a technical college, University Extension College, pupil teachers' centre, classes for uncertificated teachers (the germ of a Day Training College for Women), and a series of day classes. It is called now the Albert Memorial Museum and College, and only needs comparatively small additions to become that centre of Devonshire education which Lord Iddesleigh, from whom the idea comes, foresaw. Thus, step by step, has the building been brought to its present state. It has already grown beyond the ideas of the original promoters, yet neither library, museum, nor college has reached a limit beyond which the progress of time will not almost certainly carry it. Our portrait of the Principal is from a photograph by Browning, Exeter.

M. Benjamin-Constant

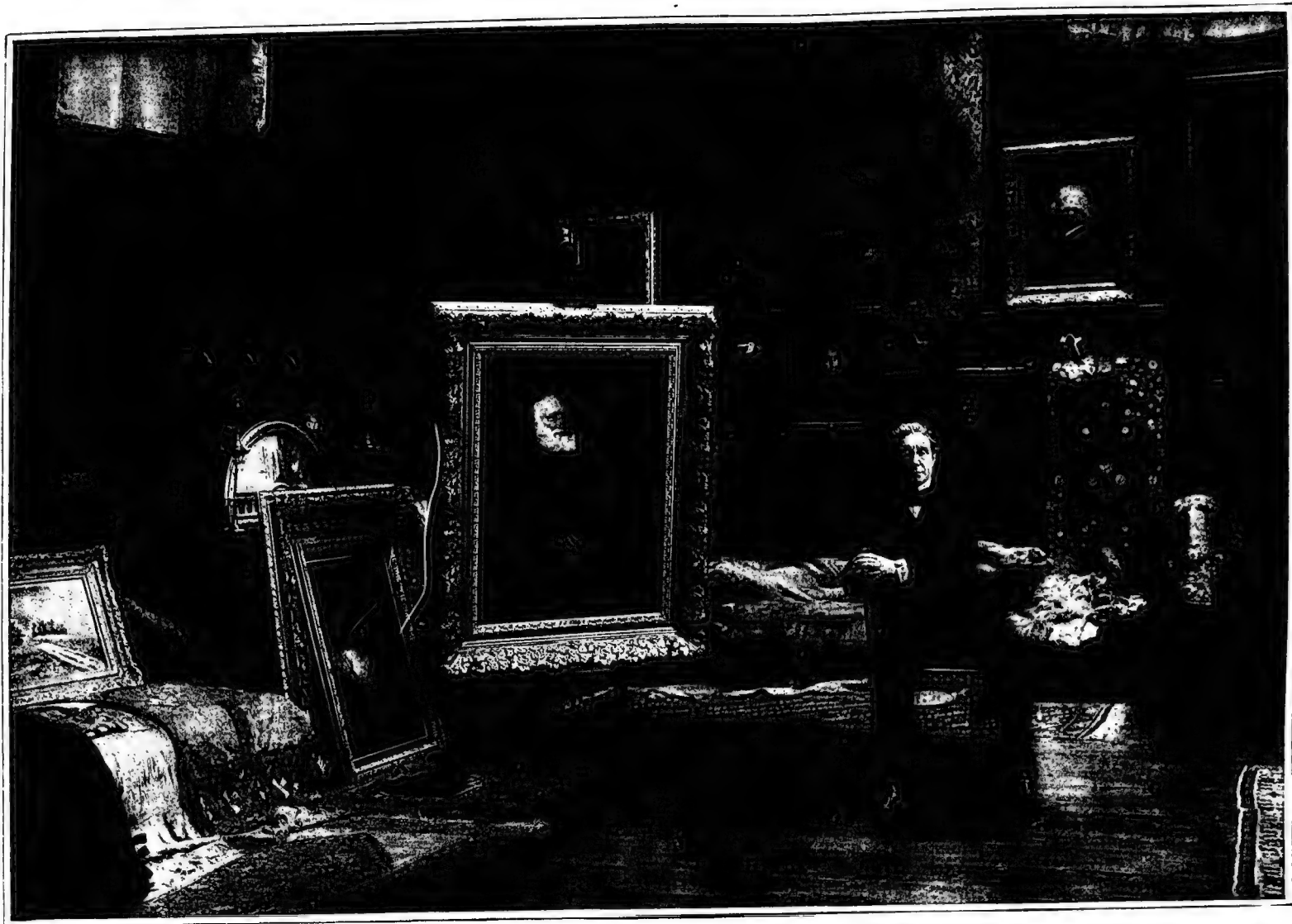
M. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT, the distinguished French portrait painter, is a man of great force of character as well as of ability, and is, moreover, the most popular artist in English society, personally considered, of all the eminent representatives of art whom France has sent us. Perhaps the most honourable tribute paid to his skill and his respect for tradition, is the assumed scorn in which he is held by the more incompetent "Decadents" of the younger school, who conceal their lack of artistic education under the cloak of mysticism, symbolism, false impressionism, and the rest. "Benjamin-Constant's work," they say with a sniff, in the cant phrase of the studio, "breathes forth perspiration." "Your work, my poor young friends," retorts the painter, "breathes forth not even that!"

As a matter of fact, he is one of the most accomplished craftsmen in France, and made his name as an "Orientalist," like Delacroix and Fortuny and Regnault. He had been intended for the Church or for medicine, but insisted first on attending the Art Schools of Toulouse, his natal town, and afterwards on entering the studio of Cabanel at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. His very first picture created its little sensation at the Salon—"Hamlet and the King"—in 1869; for it was recognised that here was a young painter who was "somebody." But it was his Morocco subjects that made him famous, as he was at once dramatic and daring in subject, powerful and rich in colour, a past-master in drawing, and always interesting as well as artistic. The list of his chief works may well be recalled: "A Woman of the Riff Coast" in 1873; "Prisoners in Morocco" and "Women of the Harem" in 1875; the great "Entrance of Mahomet II. into Constantinople in 1453" (now in the Toulouse Museum) in 1876; the portrait of his famous father-in-law, Emmanuel Arago (who would certainly have been President of the French Republic had he lived), in the same year; "The Last of the Rebels" (now in the Luxembourg) in 1880; the much-talked-of "Cherifas" in 1844; "Justice in the Harem"—a gruesome scene, of which his beautiful studio with its marble fountain formed the *mise-en-scène* in 1885; then the great "Justinian," which just missed the Médaille d'Honneur of the Salon in 1886; the pathetic picture of Beethoven playing his "Moonlight Sonata"—of course, by moonlight too—in 1889, in which year the award of the Gold Medal crowned the official recognitions he had now conquered.

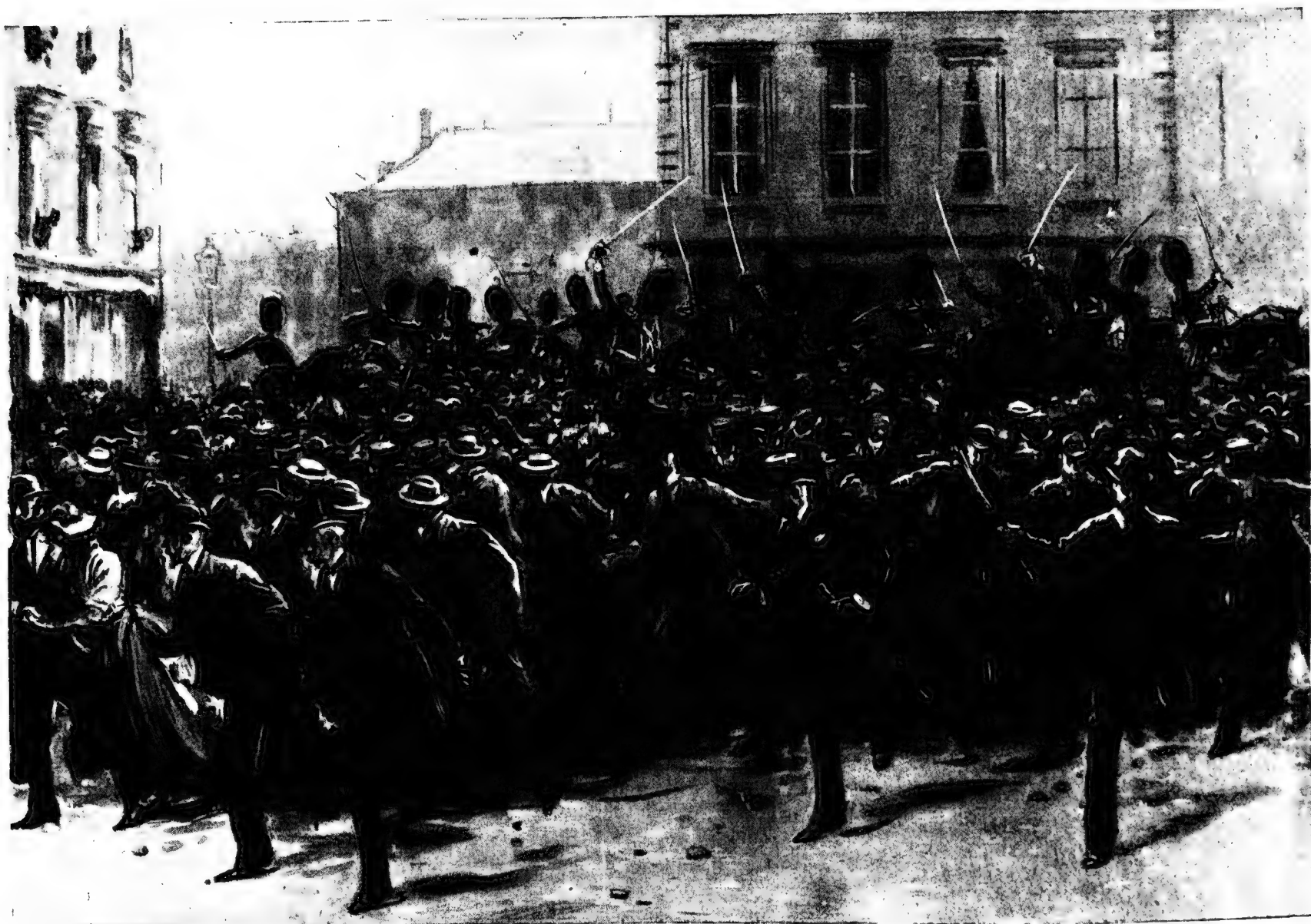
At this time he gave up the decorative and pseudo-historical side of art in order to become a portrait painter—for only the latter is required to go beyond the decorative aspect of the human face and figure, and by close observation and practised insight, so to say, to seek out the character that lies beneath the face and set on canvas that expression which is the visible indication of the soul.

In ten years the number of noteworthy portraits thus executed is really remarkable. Amongst the likenesses of men the most interesting, perhaps, are those of M. Chaplain, the great medallist; the late Count Delaborde, secretary of the Académie des Beaux Arts; the painter's two sons, the younger being M. André, whose exquisite portrait, acquired by the Government for the Luxembourg, obtained the high honour that was denied to "Justinian"; M. Bertrand, manager of the Opera; the Count Vitali, of Italy; Lord Dufferin; the Duc d'Aumale; Mr. Walter, of the *Times*; M. Maurel, the distinguished baritone. Those of ladies include Madame Benjamin-Constant; the Grand Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg; Madame Calvé, the singer; the Princess Radziwill; and, latest and most remarkable of all, that full-dress version of Her Majesty the Queen on her throne of the House of Lords by which the Sovereign in her old age will probably be remembered by her proud and loving subjects. To this notable gathering of portraits should be added those of Sir Julian Pauncefote and the late Jay Gould, which M. Benjamin-Constant executed during one of his professional visits to the United States. For this artist, anyhow for a Frenchman, is an extremely travelled man; and, moreover, broad in his views, wide in his sympathies, emphatic in his opinions, and—a peculiarity which will not make him less popular in this country—a profound admirer of England and the English, whose finer qualities he is never tired of extolling at home, and whose art, in its noblest exposition, is to him second only in the greatness of its intention, and sometimes almost of its execution, to that of Rembrandt and his peers.

CENTRAL LONDON THROAT AND EAR HOSPITAL, GRAY'S INN ROAD.—The twenty-sixth annual meeting was held on Tuesday. Mr. B. H. Van Tromp presided in the absence of Captain Hutton, who was re-elected the chairman and treasurer for the twenty-sixth year. The report showed that 7,948 new out-patients and 315 in-patients had been treated in the past year. The income of the hospital had been 2406*l.*, and the expenditure 2,383*l.*, but there were liabilities to the extent of 5,000*l.*, towards the discharge of which Mr. Van Tromp made an eloquent appeal.



M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT IN HIS STUDIO IN PARIS



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

The dissatisfaction felt by the Socialists and anti-Clericalists at the progress made by the Belgian Government in passing a Bill through the House which, in their opinion, would alter the distribution of votes in favour of the Clerical Party, found vent on several evenings last week in very stormy proceedings in the streets of the capital. To assist the gendarmes in coping with the riots, the Government called out the Garde

Civique each evening, and between eight and nine the boulevards were alive with artillerymen, chasseurs, and cavalry. On Thursday night there were continual collisions between the Garde Civique and the mob, resulting in a considerable number of wounded. The city now wears its usual aspect, but for the numerous broken shop windows and the assembly of curious crowds at the scenes of the past conflicts.

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13 6 by 10 0 . . . 7 0 0	14 0 by 12 0 . . . 8 15 0		
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"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

LAST week was one of concerts and congresses. There was the State concert first of all, and Mr. Astor gave two magnificent concerts to his friends, when such artists as Madame Melba, Messieurs Plançon, Saleza, and Paderewski performed. The giving of musical entertainments has become a marked feature of modern times, for the prices demanded by these great artists are such that only millionaires can, as a rule, afford them. Yet to the performers themselves they do not give entire satisfaction. The audience will talk and rustle and move about, much to the annoyance of the musician, who is accustomed to the complete silence and etiquette of the concert room. The singer scores, people will listen to him or her, but the unfortunate instrumentalist not seldom fares badly at the hands of the assemblage. I have seen irate performers suddenly stop, walk out of the room, and refuse to proceed, so annoyed were they at the want of respect and politeness shown by a fashionable crowd.

The promoters of the International Congress of Women have every right to be satisfied with their success. London swarmed with women. Most of them attended every possible meeting, and enjoyed the entertainments provided for their amusement. Earnestness, energy, and patience were the prevalent qualities displayed, and one or two points especially struck the disinterested observer. The first was the support and courtesy given by prominent women in society. Two Duchesses, Countesses, and ladies of title took the chair, and received the delegates at their houses. Such beautiful young women as the Duchess of Sutherland, Ladies Helen Vincent and Cynthia Graham showed keen interest in some at least of the questions discussed, while even young girls have been pressed into the service and have formed a girl's club of their own, including the names of Lady Clementina Hay, Lady Marjorie Gordon, and Miss Madeline Stanley, daughter of Lady Jeune.

The next point to be observed was perhaps the increase of good looks and good dressing among the audience. Serious political and social questions have hitherto been relegated to middle-aged spinsters or plain old ladies whose appearance was anything but attractive; their masculine style, the short hair, the male jackets, collars, ties, and shirts being likely to repel anyone of taste and refinement.

remarkably well, clearly, easily, and to the point, which was not surprising, seeing that such proficient in the art of public speaking as Adeline Duchess of Bedford, Lady Aberdeen, Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Knightley, Mrs. Creighton, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Miss Ellice Hopkins, Miss Beale, Mrs. Fenwick Miller, Mrs. Hogg, Miss Clementina Black, and Mrs. Annie Hicks were present, but even those

who were evidently inexperienced, the moment they had anything to say, said it well. Perhaps the least good speaking was to be heard in the literature and journalist sections, while most of the foreign ladies, who read papers were either inaudible or not to be understood. The cruel fiat which limited the speakers to ten minutes, and under the stern presidency of Mrs. Creighton, even to three minutes, seemed to harass the ladies not a little, preambles and perorations taking up most of their papers.

Some of the dresses were very charming. The Duchess of Sutherland presided in a pale grey gown opening over a white chiffon front touched lightly with a note of pale blue, and wearing a large black hat. Mrs. Kendal looked well in a grey silk blouse with a black toque and skirt. Miss Mary Shaw, an American actress, wore a black spangled dress and a toque covered with pink roses. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree seemed deliciously cool in an *écru* lace-covered muslin cut rather low at the throat and large *écru* hat with pale blue feathers. Miss Geneviève Ward was in dark red. Mrs. Fair wore a black chiffon gown and a pale green cape with black lace and chiffon to match.

The ladies not only absorbed the attention of their own sex, and were supported by a few male speakers, but last Sunday special sermons on the Congress were delivered by the Rev. Canon Scott Holland, the Rev. Canon Robinson, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and the Rev. Canon Barker. Women having established the fact that

social and political topics contain increasing interest for them, and that they have taken no inconsiderable share in the work of the State as inspectors, overseers, guardians of the poor, in the factories, workshops, prisons, school boards, and district councils, may confidently hold that they have vindicated their position as enlightened and intelligent members of the body politic and citizens of the State.



A remarkable railway accident occurred last Saturday at Winsford, near Crewe, in which three trains—two goods trains and a passenger excursion—were wrecked. A local goods train, while backing into a siding to allow an express train to pass it, collided with the stop-blocks, knocked down the end of a bridge, and was thrown over on to the main line. Before warning could be given the expected fast goods train crashed into the obstruction and was completely wrecked. A local excursion train from Liverpool to Shrewsbury was due at Winsford, and, travelling at a somewhat fast pace, it ran into the overthrown engines and waggons of the two trains which had been previously wrecked. In all some fifty carriages were smashed, but, fortunately, though several people sustained injuries, there was no loss of life. Our illustration is from a sketch by H. Swanwick, R.I.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT WINSFORD, NEAR CREWE

That there were still some of these ladies present, and that the better the speaker the more unstudied and careless her attire, went without saying, but it must be confessed that the average of nice-looking women, of pretty faces and neat dresses was decidedly high.

The third point we noted was that all the practical women spoke

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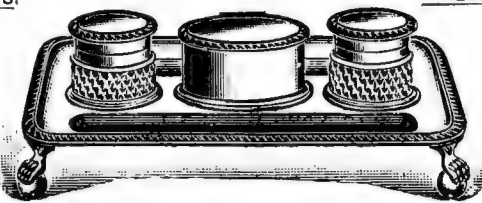
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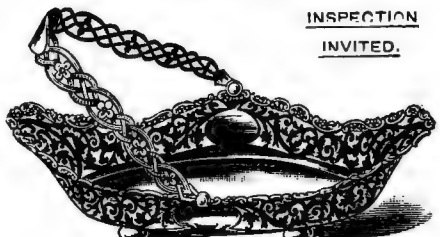
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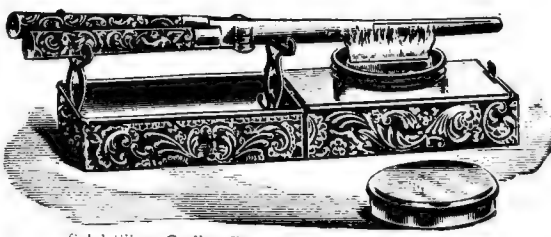
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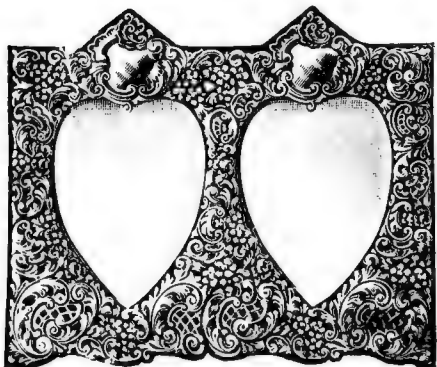


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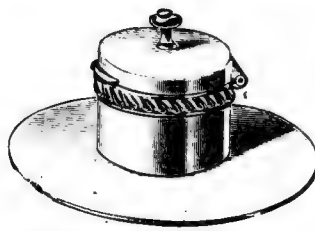


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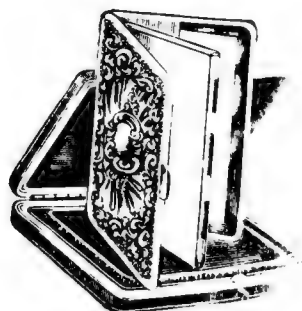


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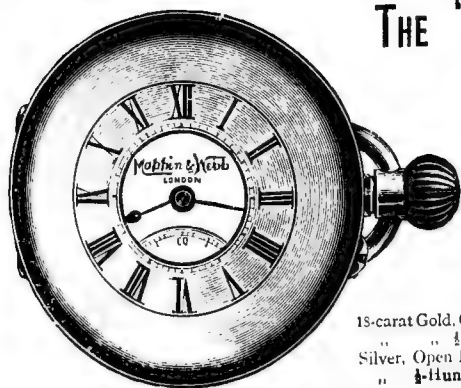
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every plot, however excellent, which lends itself to dramatic portraiture so well as in the present instance. Sir George Vibart, an amateur criminologist with some practical official experience in the suppression of Thuggism, has good-naturedly quartered upon his household one Colonel Lomas, an impecunious brother-officer. One morning the colonel is found dead in his bed—unquestionably murdered. Who is the criminal? Frank Dewhurst, a young barrister, well-nigh maddened by a hideous trouble of his own, knowing him for a scoundrel, and hating him as a rival? Or Gertrude Vibart, Sir George's niece, whom the dead man has persecuted with odious addresses, and has driven to bay by his possession of a secret for the preservation of which no price would be too high? Or Sir George's son, whom he is heavily blackmailing? Or the brother of a girl whom his desertion had driven to suicide? Or Lady Vibart, a chronic invalid of abnormal psychic conditions, who abhorred the colonel as the enemy of all she loved, and might have scrupled at nothing for their protection? Or other than human hands? Or some person beyond the range of suspicion? Of course we shall not say a word that will render the scent warm. But even should the experienced detective, that is to say novel-reader, hit upon this while it is still cold, he will none the less enjoy the excitement of the chase itself, or the play of strongly contrasted character to which a good half of that excitement is due.

"LIFE AT TWENTY"

Let us say at once that "Life at Twenty," by Charles Russell Morse (William Heinemann), has plenty of cleverness. But the cleverness would have been more effective, and, to the reader in the normal hurry, more apparent also, had there been much less of it. Mr. Morse has, we should say at a glance, taken Mr. George Meredith for a master. But there is this difference (to say nothing of others) between the master and the disciple, that whereas the former endeavours to put too much matter into too few words, the latter succeeds in putting too little matter into too many words. Four hundred and forty-four pages, each as full of words as any ordinary two, are certainly an excessive allowance for the very small love affairs of a little group of talkative but not interesting young people. Indeed, their conversation on art, botany, butterflies and any little thing that turns up for the moment, are much more their *raison d'être* than their more or less serious flirtations. Nevertheless, there is, as we have said, cleverness to be found by those who have time to look for it—for which life at more than twenty leaves hardly as much time as will be required.

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Mr. J. Storer Clouston's farce (Blackwood and Sons) is amusing enough to occupy an hour or so pleasantly; though a high place cannot be accorded to it in the literature of extravagance—to say nothing of humour. A really good farce is the development of logical results from absurd premises. Mr. Clouston's results, on the contrary, are insufficiently coherent, while his premises are insufficiently absurd. His basis is the conspiracy of a young doctor and a rascally acquaintance to palm off the latter as a lunatic patient for whom a high travelling salary is to be paid, and to get the real—or rather supposed—lunatic out of the way, by shutting him up in a curiously complaisant asylum. The latter's escape, and his contrivances for living without resources, constitute the development of the situation. He is just lunatic enough to have



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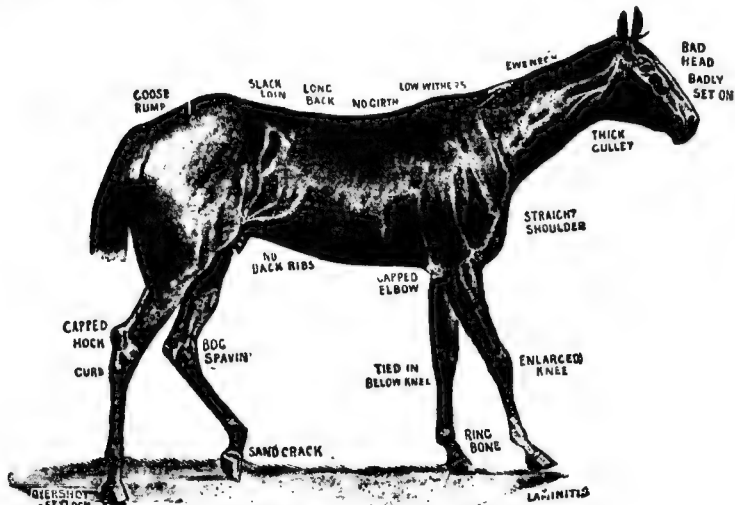
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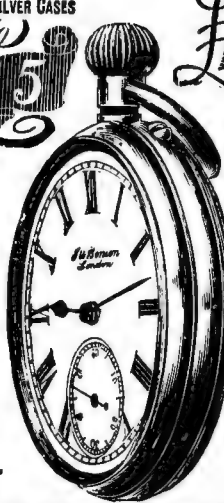
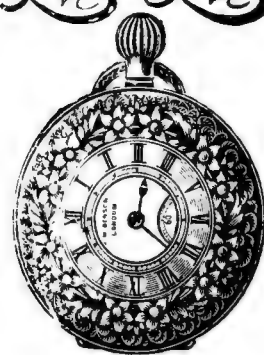
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE smiling faces of farmers as June closed with the long-expected heavy summer rain for which the parched fields were crying out, were in marked contrast with the public at Leeds and other great cities and with lovers of sport generally. The rain, said many, "might have waited till Sunday," but the clergy would probably have demurred to this. And as a matter of fact there was enough rain to occupy more than one or yet two days in coming down. The agricultural interests being now satisfied, it is to be hoped that the rest of July will be fine and sunny, in which case wheat harvest will begin on its customary date, which may be given as July 25 for the South Eastern Counties, as August 1 for

East Anglia and August 15 for North Britain. Barley started so late this spring that it will scarcely be ripe before mid-August even in Suffolk, while the fine barley lands of the Lothians will probably be later still. Oats are backward as well as barley, but are coming on fast. The late rains have saved this crop over an enormous acreage where it was doing very badly, and in fact flagging both in growth and development of the ear. The hay crop is likely to prove a fair one, and there may be an aftermath bringing up the total yield to something really satisfactory. We have seen several first-rate fields of trifolium, and as these have been not on one farm, but in different counties, we may place some confidence in the season having suited that most useful plant. Sainfoin and trefoil have often done well, but not universally by any means. The red clover on most farms is dis-

appointing. The fly was doing much mischief to the leaves of the root crops, but the recent washing rains have worked with a will for the farmers in this respect. A little timely aid from Jupiter Pluvius is worth a good many straw-sonizers. In Ireland potatoes are promising, in England not very often so, and in Scotland the outlook for this important crop is decidedly poor. Swedes and turnips in Ireland have made a very poor start, and we fear the hay crop in that island will not be up to an average. The hop gardens of Kent and Sussex show a great improvement from a month ago, and insect plagues being much less in evidence than usual, farmers are quite hopeful. We do not hear very good accounts either of the regular orchards or of bush fruit. Strawberries are often large, but for the most part lacking in quality and flavour.

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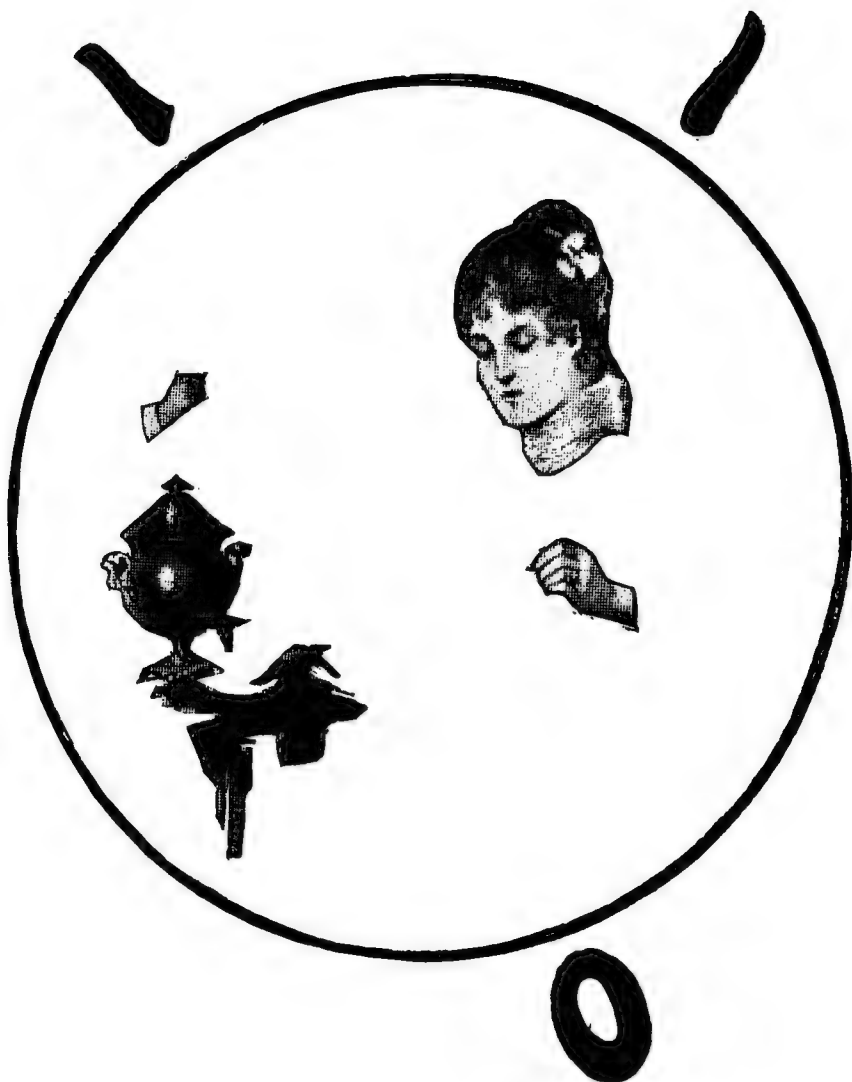
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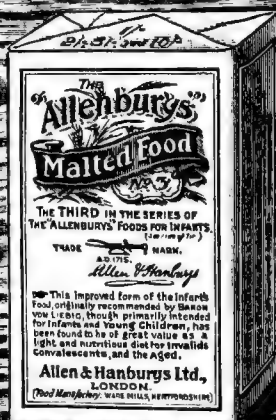
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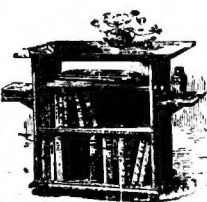
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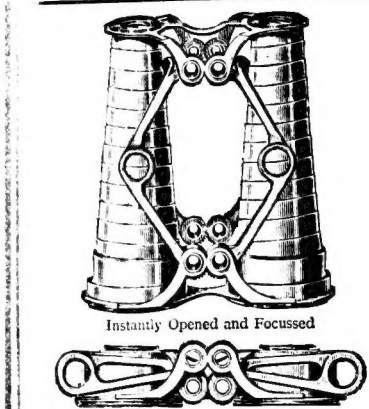
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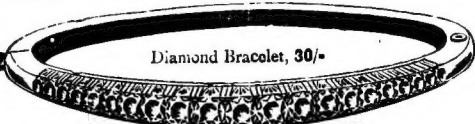
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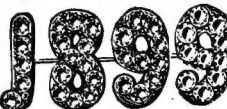


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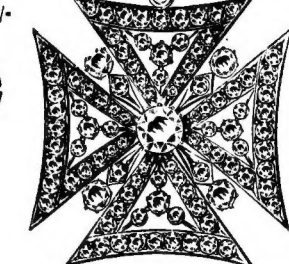
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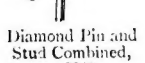
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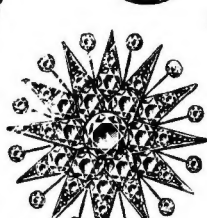
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